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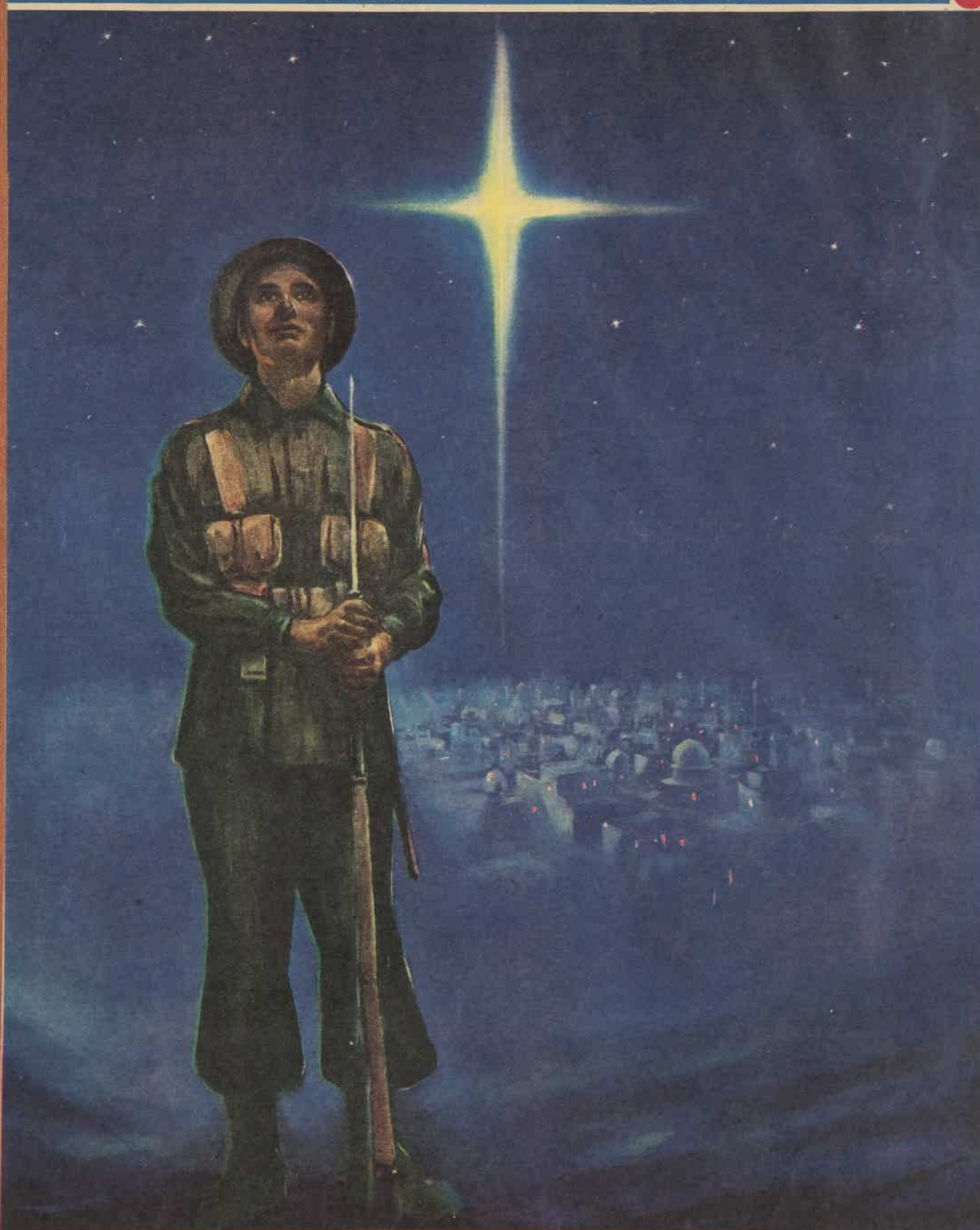
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"And lo, the Star!"

—Painting by VIRGIL

The First Christmas Morning

THIS week we rejoice again in the most beautiful of all Bible stories, the story of that first Christmas morning when the world was born anew in the birth of a child in Bethlehem.

Listen to St. Luke tell the story . . .

And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; you shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

Thus, simply, St. Luke told of a birth that set the heavenly host rejoicing and brought wise men and shepherds to worship by a manger.

Nothing could ever be the same again . . . wise men had seen the star . . .

● **MADONNA and Child** from one of Raphael's most famous works, the Sistine Madonna.



And, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child, with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.—(Matthew.)

Out of so few verses from the Gospels of Matthew

and Luke has grown a wealth of literature and legend as, for nearly two thousand years, new minds have been inspired by the beauty, the tenderness, and the infinite significance of this simple beginning.

For every generation the story is retold and freshly prized.

At every Christmas morning there is a new hope and a new promise in the story of the babe who was God and God who was a babe!

It is a story that caused a revolution in human thought and altered human nature.

Men had worshipped at the shrine of what was great and terrible. Now they worshipped what was small and weak.

Men had set up their gods in fine temples. Now they stooped to enter a cave in the earth to worship a God born there homeless, as an outcast.

Life could not be the same again. A new element had entered men's minds. They came to associate the idea of a baby and of "the unknown strength that sustains the stars."

That association of thought is a Divine gift that the story of the first Christmas morning bestows on all those who

in their childhood have known a real Christmas.

No matter how far they may stray in later years from such early training, there must always be for them a mystic significance in the picture of a mother and child, a sacred aura round a new-born babe.

Out of that worship of the humble and outcast there came to men a new realisation that there could be no more slaves.

The individual had become important.

No true Christian may ever be complacent in a servile state in which men are slaves to the advantage of the state or of other men.

Truly, the story of Bethlehem has a power over men's minds that can never be broken.

"Peace be into you"

In the reverence it does to motherhood, in its blessing of the family group, in its acknowledgment of the light in a baby's eyes, it has a human appeal as strong for the shepherd as for the sage.

Stronger than that is the spiritual appeal, stronger but less tangible, deeper but less easily put into words.

It is the appeal to what is good, what is chivalrous, what is divine in the soul of man.

Those who fall under its spell become gentle, and in that softening find strength and tranquillity.

They, too, see the star that rose in the east, and hear the heavenly voices — "On earth peace, goodwill toward men."

To the world's immeasurable sorrow, some are still blind and deaf . . .

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



ADMIRAL MUSELIER

Free French

WORKING with General de Gaulle as naval leader of the Free French, Admiral Muselier is at present concentrating on forming a fleet air arm. He is organiser of Free French Forces on the sea and in the air.

Stationed with the fleet at Marseilles when France collapsed, the Admiral rushed to Paris to burn important naval papers. Escaping from the capital hidden in a laundry van, he had many adventures before getting to England.



— Stroothorn.

MRS. J. FROST

Helping the blind

FIRST woman appointed to the board of management of the Royal Victorian Blind Institute in its 73 years of existence is Mrs. J. Frost, for eleven years president of the combined auxiliaries which raise about £9000 annually for the institute.

The institute has the only blind nursery in Australia.



DR. ARNULFO ARIAS

Peace and friendship

THIRTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD

Dr. Arnulfo Arias is Panama's youngest President. At his inauguration he promised "peace and friendship to all nations." He considers that a democratic electorate should be composed of the educated.

Harvard graduate, Dr. Arias was Minister for Panama in Berlin, Rome, Great Britain, and France. He was elected President unopposed.

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LATEST LETTERS from the A.I.F. in Egypt



MEN OF THE A.I.F. practising tactics against dive-bombing. Note low-flying plane.

Intimate unofficial despatches tell a stirring story

Australia has been deeply stirred by news that the A.I.F. has gone into action in Libya.

For months the men, fighting fit, trained to participate in desert warfare, have been impatient to come to grips with the enemy. Now they are in the thick of the fight.

AS soon as news was released, last-minute letters from the men began to pour in to The Australian Women's Weekly, sent by mothers, sweethearts, wives, friends who rightly believed that extracts from these intimate unofficial despatches—precious links with home—would be of wide general interest to readers.

Here is the story told by some of the letters:

PTE. W. H. N. CARRUTHERS, to his wife in Panania, N.S.W.:

"We have been out in the desert on a three-days' manoeuvre. It was very tough—no shade at all, and dry rations for dinner and one quart of water per day.

"When we stop for a spell we have just to sit or lie in the sun and stew in our own juice.

"No washing or shaving for three days, so you may guess we are pretty black with sweat, dirt, and sun.

"At night when we come to our bivouacking place we are waiting for the sun to go down beyond the horizon so that we can cool off, and in the morning at 'stand to' about 4.30 a.m. or 5 a.m. there is a freezing cold wind, and we are wearing sweaters and heavy overcoats and waiting for the sun to come up so that we can get warm.

"Fourteen or fifteen miles doesn't seem much for one day's march, but it just about stonkers us, as we march in the hottest part of the day.

"We sleep on the sides of the hills—all rock shale—and have to dig the rocks out with a pick and level out a hole. The rocks are then built round the holes to keep the cold night winds out, and so a good night is had by all."

MEMBER of Field Ambulance Transport Company to a friend in Geosambat, Vic.:

"I am driving a six-wheeler truck. The boys have christened it 'Belching Bertha,' and believe me it will pull anywhere in this desert. I have not been bogged once.

"She is no streamlined job to look at after being in the desert for seven months, but she's the goods when power is needed, and I've pulled dozens out of bogs.

"I was out in her yesterday when we experienced what they call the 'Yellow Peril' over here. This is a howling gale which makes the day like night.

"You cannot see a yard in front of you for sand. There is only one thing to do, and that is to stop where you are.

"I had to stop until it cleared enough to get back to the lines. This one blew for 14 hours.

"The Arab, when these 'Yellow Perils' start, puts a blanket around the camel's head and makes it lie on the sand. He then shelters behind it."



PRIVATE IAN FAIRCLOTH to his mother in Rose Bay, N.S.W.:

"You don't have to travel to see Egypt, you just look out of the tent door and watch it blow past.

"The break here is air raids, and we've had a good issue of them; very interesting at first, but now we're all content to finish our sleep in the trench.

"One night we had three close by and got out for the first about 8 p.m., the second about 10 p.m. When the third came—as the others had not been up to much—we all decided to stop in bed.

"But after things had been going on for a while we heard whizz bang! right over, as the whistle seemed to go. We nearly split our sides laughing after it was over at the way we all grabbed our tin hats and made for the trenches."

SERGEANT ATHOL BUCKLEY, to his cousin in Rose Bay, N.S.W.:

"The Italians have such treacherous ways of getting at us.

"They drop articles in the desert, such as cakes of soap, tins of bully beef, thermos flasks, fountain-pens and tennis balls, hoping that we will pick them up.

"But none of us touches anything lying about, and if in doubt we usually take a pop at these articles with our rifles.

"As soon as the soap is put in water and rubbed on the skin it has the same effect as mustard gas.

(Above)
READY for desert warfare. The A.I.F. is a highly mechanised force. A Department of Information picture of desert manoeuvres.

★
(At Left)
BRIGADIER ALLEN (left) and **Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Blamey**, leaders of the A.I.F.

DRIVER F. A. SECKOLD, to his sister in Wodonga, Vic.:

"We have dug air-raid-shelter trenches to a depth of 4ft. 6in.

"That was a waste of time at first, because every time they gave the air-raid alarm we stood around outside to get a good view of the anti-aircraft shells bursting in the air,

especially when the searchlights picked up a plane and the shells burst all around it.

"We have bought a primus stove, and now asparagus on toast, poached eggs on toast, cake and biscuits are always on the supper menu. So we live high."

'NUGGET'
WHITE
RIGHT



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There's more in the tube—there's more in the bottle—to give you more and better shoe cleans per penny. Nugget is the whitest cleaner, and the softest cleaner. It won't crack or harm white shoes.

'NUGGET' WHITE CLEANER
IN BOTTLES AND TUBES



CAPTAIN ALEX

CORPORAL GEORGE

LIEUT. RONALD

LANCE-CPL HERBERT

PRIVATE HENRY

GUNNER NORMAN



NURSE MAUREEN LEACH, only sister of the six Leach brothers, looks over her collection of letters and telegrams from the boys.

Tribute to six fighting sons

England told about Australia's famous Leach brothers

Last August The Australian Women's Weekly published the story of the Leach brothers, of Sydney, six of whom are serving in the war.

This story was republished by one of London's most important newspapers, "The Daily Express," which is now trying to find the British family with the largest number of men in uniform.

ON the honor rolls of the Empire are the names of many families with two, four, or even six members in the fighting forces.

Not all of them are known to the general public, but The Australian Women's Weekly paid a tribute to one such family when it published the story of the Leach brothers in August—the story which has now been republished in London.

The Leach family has six brothers in the A.I.F.

Their ages range from 34 to 19. In order of age they are—

Private Henry Walter Leach.
Captain Alexander Leach.
Lieut. Ronald Sydney Leach.
Corporal George Leslie Leach.
Lance-Corporal Herbert Wilfred Leach.
Gunner Norman Leach.

When The Australian Women's Weekly called on Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Leach, their parents, in August, Captain Alex was in England, Gunner Norman in Darwin.

The other four were in camp at Ingleburn.

Since then those four, Henry, Ronald, George, and Herbert, all in the same battalion, have left for abroad.

Latest news

THIS week their parents, who are living with Mrs. Alex Leach at Doll's Point, told us the latest news of them.

"It will be a quiet New Year's Day without the boys," said Mrs. Leach, sen.

"Five of the six boys are married, and we always had a complete family reunion on New Year's Day. There used to be 23 of us! Six sons, our only daughter Maureen, who is a nurse at South Sydney Women's Hospital, the five wives, and nine grandchildren.

"This year there would have been 24, as Alex's wife has a new baby boy—born on October 18."

The new baby is named after his



PARENTS of the six soldier Leach brothers, Mr. and Mrs. John Ernest Leach.

father. His grandmother insists that when he cries she soothes him immediately by singing "Roll Out the Barrel."

The parents, wives and Nurse Maureen have a fine stack of letters, cables and telegrams between them.

Captain Alex, as well as weekly letters to his wife, sent souvenir menus from the troopship, each accompanied by a description of highlights of the trip.

"Don't worry"

TO his sister Maureen he wrote from London recently with typical Australian nonchalance: "Don't worry. We are quite enjoying the air raids and things."

The boys obviously idolise their sister, and Gunner Norman writes to her from Darwin twice a week.

Not long ago she recorded a Christmas message for her brothers through the A.B.C., and earlier Mrs. Leach, sen., was interviewed by national stations for broadcasting in the United Kingdom and Canada.

All six boys, before the war, followed the same trade as their father. They were upholsterers.

Three, Alec, Ron and Norman, had been in the militia before the war.

Such is the story of the Leach family.

Is there another Australian family with a similar—or greater—number of sons in uniform?



MRS. ALEX LEACH and her three children, Billy, Wilma, and baby Alex, who is only eight weeks old.

LUCKY FOR YOU
MUM. THE WHOLE
FAMILY LOVES KELLOGG'S
CORN FLAKES. BECAUSE
A SINGLE HELPING IS
A BREAKFAST
IN ITSELF!



ONE SINGLE
HELPING OF
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MORE ENERGY
VALUE THAN—



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3 HELPPINGS
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When you recover from your surprise that one plateful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes provides as much energy as two or three everyday breakfasts, make for your grocery list and write Kellogg's Corn Flakes on it. Corn is extra rich in energy value and Kellogg's put the very choicest white Australian corn into Kellogg's Corn Flakes.



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A BOY OF TEN
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Love Come BACK

... FOURTH OF OUR BRILLIANT SERIES — "OTHER PEOPLE'S HOMES"

By DOROTHY BLACK

THE Gardullas had people for Christmas. Their house was full, their windows bright. Music from their party stole through the cold air, and drifted down the avenue in odd snatches.

In the avenue, people called them those lucky young Gardullas. If money brought luck, they would have been. The young Gardullas had a lot of money. Leon had never had to work in his life. His father had left him half a county, all valuable building land. All Leon had ever had to do was interview his agents and draw money.

Once, long ago, he had shown a liking for mechanics, and had taken an engineering degree. But he had never done anything with it. He was a ridiculously handsome, amiably easy-going young man.

People generally considered him rather silly. He played up to the idea of being a bit of a clown. He wasn't a brilliant conversationalist either. Mostly he was a singularly silent young man.

He had married Margaret because he loved her. But it was generally known he got her on the rebound after her engagement to Captain Saville Carpenter had been broken off.

Margaret had been the most beautiful debutante of her year.

A rich friend of her mother's had taken her up, and presented her, and taken her out—an ageing friend, who found it paid to have a pretty girl around, and helped to keep one in the swim. A smart dressmaker took one look at her, and gave her her clothes free. He knew it would pay him.

It is not to be wondered that people took her for a young lady of fortune, as well as fashion.

Really, she hadn't a penny. Her people were hard put to it to provide her with pocket money.

"Make the most of your opportunities, darling," wrote her mother, from the little stone rectory in Cheshire.

When Margaret got engaged to Saville Carpenter, it looked as if she had. The Cheshire papers made a poster of the news, and little boys ran down the main street with it blown about their legs like an apron. Her mother raised her voice as never before in the cold stone church.

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," she said, and from the heart.

In London, Margaret received congratulations, in a rosy glow of happiness it hurt her to remember.

How long had it lasted?

Looking back, she found it difficult to remember. She only knew she had loved Saville as she would never again love any man. For her he was the beginning and the ending, the first and the last. The Carpenter men were all glamorous. Good soldiers, wonderful lovers.

She had gone to the party with Leon Gardulla. She went about quite a lot with him. She had always liked him. You couldn't help liking Leon, he was so amiable, so helpful, and then he had all the right cars and things to take a girl about in.

He had a way of saying as he tucked her in beside him, "Snuggle up . . ." which she found rather endearing. But she wasn't in love with him. She knew he was going to propose to her, and she thought it probable she would accept him. She owed it to her parents to make the most of her opportunities. Eighteen does not come again!

And then, without warning, Saville Carpenter walked into their lives, and smiled at Margaret, and held up a finger and beckoned, and she went. To the end of time she knew if he held up a finger, and beckoned, she would go.



Illustrated by

WYNNE DAVIES

Leon's fist shot out, sending Saville to the ground.

They got engaged at once. Off she went, and stayed at the country place of the family. She was a little surprised to find how very rambling and out of date it was, how deficient in hot water and plumbing, but the family were charming to her, and took her to their bosom at once.

All went well till they came to the business of discussing the marriage settlements.

It was a very sad misunderstanding from start to finish. Naturally, seeing Margaret in the surroundings she had had all the season, they had taken it for granted she was an heiress. Without money, it seemed, there could be no love. Mr. Findhorn hadn't any money. And Saville's father, it appeared, hadn't nearly as much as you'd suppose, and not nearly enough for his own needs.

Margaret remembered Saville's face when he told her, his grim mouth and shadowed eyes. It was out of the question for him to marry on his present pay, and he must set her free.

"I shall never love anyone but you," he whispered, brokenly. And she knew it was true. She clung to him, speechless with grief, unable to believe, until the very last, that he would leave her. If only he had promised to come back!

He didn't. He sailed away to India, and for Margaret life seemed over.

PEOPLE laughed unkindly at the way Leon let himself be picked up again. The young man was as obliging as a parcel. He smiled and raised one eyebrow, and looked at Margaret through smoky lashes with half-closed eyes and opened the door of his car, and said:

"Snuggle up!"

When he proposed she said yes at once, and closed her eyes when he kissed her, because she saw a lean, dark face.

The house in the avenue he took her home to was large and luxurious and comfortable.

Margaret used to look at the other houses in the street sometimes at night, bitter envy in her heart. They were all so happy, the Patersons, and the Winters, and Miss Luella Grey, the film star, who had no one but herself to please. Even the Walters, who had absolutely nothing, Margaret thought, were probably happier than she was.

Leon was everything Margaret did not admire. Fair, and lazy, and rather slow-minded. He went up to town most days, though he did nothing but sit about his club, she supposed, wasting time.

He was generous, and very kind, and no trouble whatever. If he was secretly disappointed with his bargain he gave no sign. If a bride who spent their wedding night in floods of tears, and ever after asked of him only that he would leave her alone, came as a shock to him, he kept it to himself.

So three years passed. Each year Margaret told herself that now she would try to forget Saville and settle

down, and cut the bitter memory from her heart. And then Saville would write, one of his dry, witty letters. Or he would send her a photograph of himself, clean-cut, lean, in polo kit, and then it would start all over again.

And she would find herself buying new clothes with the wonder in her heart whether Saville would like them. And she would find herself dreaming dreams that began,

"When he comes home . . ."

It was Christmas time again. Christmas kept coming round with astonishing rapidity. I shall be old, thought Margaret, appalled, before I know where I am. She was feeling cross. She had asked Leon to do some shopping for her, and good-naturedly he had refused, saying he hadn't the time.

For once she lost her temper and flared out at him.

"What on earth do you do, anyway?"

He had smiled at her, and raised one eyebrow.

"Oh, this and that, you know," said Leon vaguely. "This and that."

She looked at him quizzically, wondering. For the first time it struck her Leon might not be as satisfied with their odd life as she had comfortably supposed. That he was seeking, as men do, consolation elsewhere. And the idea made her, for some reason, angry. Very angry. The more she thought it over, the more certain she grew.

She would find out, once and for all. If he was doing anything like that, she thought, of a sudden, her heart beating high with hope, it might be her way out. When Saville came . . . If he came!

But it wasn't a nice thing to do. She rather balked at the idea. And when she set out at last, she went to see Elspeth Paterson on the way, and tried to get her to come to town with her. If Elspeth comes, she said to herself, I won't do it.

Elspeth wouldn't come. She was as obstinate as a mule.

So Margaret went to a private detective agency.

The man who ran it was exactly like Toad of Toad Hall. He asked her a great many questions, and she faced him, tears in her eyes, feeling sick.

"You must not mind, Mrs. Gardulla, I assure you it's quite the usual proceeding. And your husband's occupation? Nothing! Ah, Satan finds some mischief still . . . Now, please don't worry. As soon as I hear anything I will get in touch with you. You can rely on us."

Margaret went home hating herself. Leon had always been quite kind to her. And she hadn't ever been very nice, she knew. If this had happened, she had only herself to blame.

Walking back from the station she suffered a sudden qualm. She paused outside the post office, half-minded to call the transaction off by sending Toad a telegram.

As she stood on the pavement, thinking of these things, someone spoke to her. She gave a guilty start. For the first time in her life, her conscience was not clear, and she did not enjoy the experience.

It was a little nursing sister. She had the most innocent, friendly face in the world, and she said, as if she had known Margaret from childhood:

"I wonder, my dear, whether you have any little dark knickers for boys . . . Cast off, you know . . . Or, indeed, children's clothing of any kind."

Margaret smiled down at her, as she shook her head.

"I've no children, Sister."

Please turn to page 34

Illustrated by
JOHN
SANTRY



"It is wonderful to know that one has a friend at one's side," Mrs. Matthews told Edward Rumbold feelingly.

GREGORY MATTHEWS has been murdered by nicotine poisoning, and suspicion points to numerous persons. MRS. ZOE MATTHEWS, his widowed sister-in-law, and her two children, GUY and STELLA, had been on bad terms with Gregory because he threatened to send Guy to Brazil and forbade Stella's engagement to DR. DERYK FIELDING, whose father died in an inebriate's home. Gregory's eldest nephew, RANDALL MATTHEWS, stood to benefit by his death, as he was heir to the bulk of his large fortune, while MISS HARRIET MATTHEWS and MRS. GERTRUDE LUPTON, Gregory's sisters, had also cherished expectations under his will.

Gregory's death throws his household into terrified confusion, and elicits the kindly sympathy of MR. and MRS. RUMBOLD, their next-door neighbors and close friends.

Investigating the murder, SUPERINTENDENT HANNASDE, of Scotland Yard, learns that Gertrude's husband, HENRY LUPTON, has been secretly living as the husband of another woman, and that Gregory intended to blackmail him over this.

While Hannasde and GILES CARRINGTON, Gregory's solicitor, go through his papers at his home, Randall, by a witty sally, presents Mrs. Lupton from learning of her husband's duplicity. Leaving the two men, then, he goes and inspects Gregory's rooms, after which Stella engages him in a discussion of the whole affair.

Now read on:

"INCIDENTALLY," Stella demanded, "what on earth have you been saying to Aunt Gertrude? She says she's never been so insulted in her life." "I shouldn't think she has," said Randall.

"What did you say?" persisted Stella.

"Merely that if I were married to her I should carry on several surreptitious love affairs," Randall replied.

She could not help giving a gurgle of laughter, but she said: "Well, really, I do think that's about the limit! It's about the rudest thing you could say."

"I couldn't think of anything ruder at the time," acknowledged Randall. "It got rid of her most successfully."

"You can't go about being horribly rude to people just to get rid of them!"

"I can and do," he replied, imperturbably.

"You do, yes," Stella said hotly.

BEHOLD, HERE'S POISON

Continuing Our Mystery Serial

"You're the most poisonous-tongued person I know!"

"So you have often informed me," bowed Randall. He regarded her with a curious smile. "You can't bear me, can you, little Stella? What have I done?"

"Nothing," Stella said contemptuously. "You just say spiteful things, and drift about like a lounge-lizard. I used to hate you when we first came to live with uncle."

"My darling, you still do."

"I don't think twice about you," said Stella. "You were horrid to me when I was a kid—"

"A gawky, clumsy flapper," murmured Randall, closing his eyes. "I remember."

"I wasn't!"

"Also callow and without grace," she reddened. "All girls are at that age!"

"Possibly, but I see no reason why I should be kind to them."

"You're not kind to anyone. You were beastly to Guy, and you still are."

"I am but human, my love. If he will rise to my bait, bait he shall have."

"And—if it interests you—I very much object to your habit of sneering at my mother!"

His eyelids drooped. "At my clever Aunt Zoe? How you misjudge me. I am quite her most appreciative admirer."

"That'll do, thanks!"

He raised his brows. "There's no pleasing you, sweetheart. What can I find to say about the boy-friend?"

"You can leave Deryk alone! He and I are engaged to be married."

A malicious glint came into his eyes. "Oh, is that still on?"

She reddened, hesitated for a moment, and then said bluntly: "Now look here, Randall! If you think you're getting a rise out of me you're mistaken. I suppose you've got hold of some silly, exaggerated story about Deryk and the Fosters. You would! It's perfectly true that he partnered Maisie Foster to the Fosters' dance, but considering I couldn't go, and he's known Maisie quite as long as he's known me, I'm not—strangely enough—jealous about it."

Randall's smile broadened. "I seem to have got a better rise out of

you than I had hoped for, darling. This is all news to me."

She bit her lip. "Then what were you hinting at?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" said Randall airily. "Tell me more of this rival. Where does she live?"

"She lives on Park Terrace, and she is not a rival."

He opened his eyes. "It sounds very promising. An extremely well-to-do locality. I hope she's an only child?"

She was spared the necessity of answering by the arrival of her brother, who at this moment came along the landing from his own room.

Randall promptly transferred his attention to him, and said with an assumption of artless surprise: "Well, well! Can it really be my little cousin? Are you now a gentleman of leisure, Guy, or has the firm of Brooke and Matthews gone into liquidation?"

Guy, who was looking worn and rather pale, scowled at him. "No, it hasn't. You're not the only one who has a right to be here!"

"A little out of spirits?" murmured Randall. "Not quite our bright self to-day?"

"I don't see how anyone can be bright with a thing like this hanging over us all," said Guy jerkily.

"I contrive to maintain my usual equanimity," said Randall. "Have a cigarette: very soothing to the nerves."

Guy took one mechanically, but stood with it between his fingers until Randall, his brows lifting, produced his lighter and snapped it open. Guy gave a start. "Oh, thanks!" he said awkwardly, and bent to light the cigarette. As he straightened his back again, he said: "Have they finished downstairs?"

"Do you mean the police?" inquired Randall. "Should I otherwise be here?"

Guy glanced at him and away again. "They didn't find anything,

did they? There wasn't anything to find." He paused interrogatively, but as Randall made no remark said angrily: "You can answer, can't you?"

"I thought you had spared me the trouble," said Randall blandly. "You said there was nothing to find. I expect you know."

"Confound you, I haven't been tampering with uncle's papers!"

"Guy!" said his sister sharply. "Don't be such a fool! Can't you see he's only trying to get a rise out of you?"

Guy gave a short laugh, and said: "It's what he thinks, all the same."

He hesitated, and looked at Randall again. "What line are they taking? What does that Superintendent-fellow make of it?"

"My poor child, do you imagine that I am in his confidence?" said Randall.

"I thought you might have gathered something. They're baffled, aren't they? I don't see how they can be anything else. There's nothing to show who did it. Anybody might have, but how are they going to prove which it was?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied Randall. "I imagine it might be helpful if they discover how the nicotine was administered, but I gather they haven't yet arrived at that. There may, of course, be some startling disclosures at the inquest to-morrow. I hope you've learned your piece, by the way?"

"Oh, you're thinking of that infernal whisky-and-soda I gave uncle the night he died, are you?" said Guy. "So easy for me to doctor it with the whole family sitting round!"

"Well, I don't know," said Randall pensively. "I think I could have done it."

"You! I daresay you could. Probably would have if you'd had half a chance."

Randall gave his soft laugh. "But I hadn't half a chance, little cousin. I wasn't here. I'm afraid you'll have to rule me out. A pity, of course, but there it is."

"Oh, do shut up!" begged Stella.

"What's the use of going on like this? It makes everything ten times worse than it is already. I can't see what you're worrying about, Guy. We know you didn't do it, and if the police think you did at least they can't do anything about it, because they've nothing to go on. I mean, they can't even test the glass uncle drank out of, because it was washed up days before they came here."

"Guy isn't worrying about that," Randall said, watching Guy's face from under his lashes. "Perhaps it wasn't in the whisky-and-soda."

GUY'S mouth twitched. "Of course it wasn't. I'm not exactly worrying about anything, but this—this atmosphere of suspicion gets on my nerves. My own belief is that the whole thing will fizzle out for lack of evidence. After all, the police don't solve every crime by any means."

"I wish to goodness Aunt Gertrude hadn't started the wretched business," remarked Stella.

"I could strangle her!" Guy said, his voice shaking with suppressed emotion. He saw them both looking at him, and forced a laugh. "Well, I'd better go down and see what they're up to," he said, and brushed past his sister at the head of the stairs, and ran down.

Randall watched him go, carefully put out the stub of his cigarette in a bowl of ferns at his elbow, and said: "Dear me!"

"It's enough to get on anyone's nerves," said Stella defiantly. "You don't live here, so you don't know what it's like."

"I hesitate to proffer advice unasked," drawled Randall, "but if I were Guy's fond sister I would tell him to go to work as usual. For one thing, it would look better."

"He won't. I did say I thought he ought to carry on; in fact, I even got Mr. Rumbold to advise him to go back to work, but he's frightfully highly-strung, and things do get on his nerves very easily. I think it's through having too much imagination. Because he has, you know."

Please turn to page 26

I'LL BE WITH YOU

Complete Short Story

By ANN TWYMAN

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

MOLLIE McRAY leaned back in the arms of her young husband and whispered up to him: "Am I really such a bad sort, Guy?"

They had been discussing with great frankness and realism his mother's objection to the marriage.

The tense lines of Guy's face seemed to break up into ineffable tenderness when she said that and his arms quivered as they encircled her slim waist, her shoulders.

He was so young, just turned twenty, and in him was still that glorious mixture of uncalculating, gallant youth and an inherent manliness that life had brought prematurely to the surface.

Mollie worshipped everything, from the moods of his sensitive face, the shape of his mouth, to the strong, gay soul that lay behind.

A little sound broke from her—something between a sob and a laugh—as she asked the question.

"Mollie, you're—you're my miracle. You're my compensation in advance for anything that may happen in the future."

Mollie swallowed back a sob then. The future . . . ?

Ah, that was what she mustn't think of, couldn't face. It wasn't a marriage, theirs, like it might have been. It was a sort of snatching of heaven at the brink of extinction.

She stroked the hair back off his forehead, with fingers that were unsteady, caught a glimpse of her hand as she did so.

"I'll have to take the varnish off my nails, Guy, before I go and see her, shan't I?"

She was laughing it off; they both knew that.

Her nails were lacquered a gay red, her young, tender mouth matched them.

"You'll be just as lovely," he told her, and he kissed the gay fingers one after the other.

On the fifth kiss they looked into each other's eyes.

Mollie was nearly three years older than Guy. He laughed at it, "protected" her, bullied her a little when he thought she needed it, but in odd moments Mollie did really feel older, felt that she wanted to mother him.

They had been married for three days.

A cloud passed over Guy's face as he replaced Mollie's hand on her knee.

"What's the matter, darling?"

"I'm worried about leaving you, Mollie," he told her. "It's all happening too quickly. Now I've got to go to-day; it seems almost like shrinking. It seems as though I'm loading things on you, Mollie, not—cherishing you."

Their eyes flashed together. They remembered three days ago . . .

"Darling, what are you talking about? Shirking? You?"

He spoke with a sudden new gravity in his young voice. "I wanted to make everything easy for you, Mollie, right from the start. Now, for the first time, I feel as though I've been too impulsive. Mollie—shall I write to her first? Wouldn't that make it easier?"

Of course it would—much—for Mollie, but when your man is going out into life's biggest uncertainty, you don't take the easiest way out at his expense.

Mollie wasn't an actress for nothing. Although it was her profession that had chiefly set Mrs. Henderson against her, it had its assets. An actress can act, she can get effects, she can take her audience by storm—sometimes. That was what Mollie was hoping to do when she went into Mrs. Henderson's home and told her quite simply that she and Guy had got married.

Mollie wanted to take the sting out of it herself—for Guy's sake. If

she could make Guy's mother feel that, after all, she might make a passable wife for Guy, then maybe she would forgive him without reproaches.

She wanted there to be no backwash for Guy. She wanted their three days' heaven to be unblemished in his mind. When he went up into the skies to challenge death, she wanted him to carry one perfect memory with him—no misgivings, no regrets—only remembered rapture . . .

"I've got seven days' leave, Mollie, before I'm liable for service," he had told her ten days ago. "Let's get married, darling. There's nothing to wait for. We'll have six perfect days together, and on the seventh we'll go to Mother, and I'll make her love you as I do—or almost."

Mollie had dropped her golden head on his shoulder and told him that it was her idea of heaven.

It had worked out nearly as they had planned, but not quite. The hitch was when word came that he must rejoin his unit immediately.

THEY had three days instead of six, and there was nothing over for Guy's mother.

"I'm glad," Mollie had declared stoutly. "It's much easier for two women to come to an understanding together, without a man complicating things," she had added imperiously.

He had kissed the tip of her powdered nose, and told her she was taking advantage of the situation, but—he had believed her. He had believed that this second meeting with Mrs. Henderson was no ordeal to her.

Mollie was surprised when he said now: "It seems as though I'm loading things on you."

"Don't you be so important," she chaffed back. "Mollie's used to standing on her own feet, and making out quite well, too."

His eyes dropped to her small feet in their fantastically high-heeled shoes.

"Adorable feet," he told her, "and a brave little soul above them."

Again Mollie swallowed down a sob. That was just the thought she wanted him to take away with him. She'd live up to it—somehow.

Still in the fantastic shoes, with the fantastically curled blonde hair about her vivid face, Mollie stood on the platform to wave good-bye.

Her dark blue eyes challenged his right up to the last. "And don't you imagine, sir, that I can't look after myself. I'll manage everything—including that mother of yours; and when you come back you'll be jealous of how well we get on."

She saw other girls embarrassing their men with tears as the carriage doors closed, but she, Mollie McRay—no, Mollie Henderson—laughed right up to the end, till the last door slammed, till the train began to move, to gather speed, till it disappeared along the rails . . .

Then Mollie averted and crumpled up suddenly on the edge of a luggage trolley.

Perhaps there was something of her parting with Guy still in her eyes when she met Guy's mother.

It was that same evening, anyway.

At three in the afternoon, she saw Guy off at Liverpool Street. A few hours later she arrived at Middlebridge, the little town in the Midlands where Guy had been born and brought up.

Guy's mother mustn't know that his training was finished, that any



moment he was liable to be called upon . . .

That was the secret she and Guy had decided to keep from her.

"Don't let Mums know," he had said. "Somehow she has got it into her head that a pilot's training is longer than it is. Let her go on believing it. Let her get Christmas over, Mollie. Christmas means so much to her. Let her think I'm safe till spring . . .

And, of course, Mollie would. Guy was on coast patrol work. He might have to fly anywhere at any moment, but his base would be England, and his letters to his mother would not have to come from abroad.

MRS. HENDERSON didn't even know that Mollie was coming. Mollie didn't want her to.

So, without warning, Mollie walked right into the heart of Mrs. Henderson's pleasant home.

The maid announced "Miss McRay" and withdrew.

From the armchair by the fire a slight figure rose, but Mollie saw her only dimly through a blur of nervousness and the sudden illumination. She was more disturbed than on any first night in her career.

"Do you remember me?" she asked, holding out her hand shyly to Guy's mother, and finding it difficult to say more.

She saw an icy look on the mother's face, fancied a slight lifting of the proud chin.

There was a second's silence dur-

The pilot's voice came over the air, startling the two listeners into rapt attention.

ing which Mrs. Henderson made no attempt to take the outstretched hand.

Then she looked more closely into Mollie's face.

Yes, perhaps there was something of her parting with Guy still in her eyes, something of its pathos and tragedy. Anyway, the mother finally took her hand, lightly, coolly, but still took it.

"Won't you sit down, Miss McRay? Your visit is rather a surprise to me," she uttered, her voice sounding baffled, uneasy.

Gratefully Mollie sank into a chair. Everything she had thought of in the train coming down, all that she had planned to say, was wiped right out of her mind.

She wanted to let her head fall on the arm of the chair and to sob out tragically, "They've taken him away! He's gone! Don't you understand? My husband, your son, he's gone. You must be kind to me because he's everything to both of us."

But she couldn't and she didn't. Like a child who has been discovered in some fault, she looked across at Guy's mother and told her without preamble, "I'm not McRay any more. I'm Guy's wife."

She could feel the mother stiffen in her chair, could sense the effort Mrs. Henderson made to keep control of herself.

"Do you mean that?" she asked.

"Yes, it's true."

Mollie noted how Mrs. Henderson's hands clenched on the arms of her chair.

"Were you married when—we met in London?"

There was a catch in her voice.

A few months ago she had been in London on a visit, and Guy had taken the opportunity to introduce to her "his friend" Mollie McRay—then taking her first leading part in a West End show.

"Oh, no," Mollie assured her. "Guy and I weren't married then."

"How long . . . ?" she began.

And suddenly Mollie felt the humiliation of the mother in having to ask such a question of a stranger. It became real to her.

She leant forward, speaking earnestly. "Only three days," she told her. "And believe me, Mrs. Henderson, it could never—Guy would never have done it, except . . ."

She stopped. She had been going to say, "Except that it might be the last chance."

"Except what?" Mrs. Henderson was very pale, and her expression was strained.

"The special circumstances. Guy had leave suddenly. Leave is precious now, isn't it? In a few months he may be on active service." She saw Mrs. Henderson wince. "He may not get leave again. We love each other," she ended in a whisper, as though that answered everything.

"Why didn't he tell me?" The words were a sort of protest against the alight to her motherhood.

Please turn to page 18

COLORFUL ADDITIONS...

- New York teams brilliant new shades to vitalise simple styles

Sketched by PETROV



• Slim dinner frock of black sheer wool, with long, tight sleeves, half bodice and back skirt panel in cardinal-red silk jersey. Next, a frock of citron-green crepe, with jerkin and huge patch pockets of cinnamon-brown.

• Slender-fitting frock of royal-blue silk crepe, featuring accent on the waist and dramatised with a front panel of pale blue. The colorful jumper-suit is made of American silk, with fighting-red sweater top and pleated skirt in red-and-white floral.

PETROV

• A weskit-cum-jacket designed by Marshall and Snelgrove in oyster-grey flannel and piped in royal-blue satin.



JACKETS... are important

• The "odd" jacket has achieved new fashion heights. Famous English designers approve its air of casual chic.

Sent from London
by MARY ST.
CLAIRE



• From Matita comes this spectator sports suit with tobacco skirt and tobacco-and-beige striped jacket fastened with a little bronze bow-knot. (Above.)

• Dorville's much-pocketed jacket in white silk linen spotted with red and fired with saucy red accents. (Left.)



AMONG the most useful garments in any woman's wardrobe to-day is her odd jacket — that well-tailored hip-length affair that matches nothing, yet can be worn with everything from her new silk jersey afternoon frock to her year-before-last's tweed skirt.

But it's no good having a drab nondescript jacket. It must be something to catch the eye in a frock-and-jacket ensemble or worn either with, or instead of, a blouse in a suitish outfit.

Flannel, jersey, tweed and silk linen are the most popular fabrics for these jackets, which are usually either checked, spotted or striped. Many of them have short sleeves and all have the small V necks and small collars and revers temporarily so popular.

The spotted scarlet-and-white silk linen model in the picture comes from Dorville. It is trimmed with eight flapped pockets, and fastened with a red leather belt at natural waist level and a row of red wooden buttons. That is when it is worn with a skirt instead of blouse or jumper.

Worn with a frock the belt is discarded and the jacket unbuttoned. Incidentally the collar and elbow sleeves of this model are particularly good.

If the jacket happens to be in plain material it is usually piped

with some contrasting color like the pictured model from Marshall and Snelgrove. This is a grey flannel waisted jacket piped with royal-blue satin ribbon. It is fastened with self-material link buttons and has a waistcoat-pointed front. The short sleeves have piped band cuffs quite unusual on a jacket.

In a new oatmeal shade of beige, striped with tobacco-brown, is the quaintly-shaped wool jersey jacket from Matita. The stripes are particularly well worked in the basque which fits so beautifully over the hips. This model is fastened only at the waist with a little bronze bow-knot.

"Jackets should always be loose enough for comfort, but never loose enough to look sloppy," says Matita. "And they should have a certain dash and originality about them. As long as we can keep each model individual, so long will the jacket fashion last."

"Multi-colored plaids are the most serviceable, as they literally do match up with anything, but to be really jaunty I favor the scarlet or emerald many-pocketed broadcloth varieties, lined perhaps with a shot taffeta of an entirely different color. There's a great deal more than people realise in the lining of a jacket. Very often its whole cut and set depend on the lining."

"I like sleeves striped horizontally no matter how the rest of the striping goes. A vertically-striped sleeve often looks too tight, though in reality it may be a perfect fit."

SEVEN LITTLE BLOUSES...

Designed by Rene for holiday season

YOU can't have too many blouses, especially in this year of vigorous budgeting. On this page, our fashion artist has sketched seven engaging new styles, and you can obtain the patterns from our Pattern Department. Cut in stock sizes, 32 to 38 bust, price 1/1. Or individual, hand-cut patterns at 2/8.

• F2060.—White organdie scattered with rosebuds is made with much front fullness and graceful bracelet-length sleeves.

• F2061.—Red crepe coin-spotted with white, slightly bloused at the waistline. Notice the interesting yoke and sleeve treatment.

• F2062.—Heavy white linen sweater-blouse with polo neck, long, tight sleeves, and tucked at the waistline to give that "poured-in" look.



• F2059. — Glimmering white satin topping a silky black skirt. The blouse is simply tailored, with tight sleeves and a clever yoke treatment.

• F2063.—Red-and-white striped cotton, moulded sleekly to the figure, with white pique collar and front panel with a cunning contrast stripe effect.

• F2064.—Demure pin-spot muslin with flattering high neck, and softly gathered across the bustline.

• F2065.—Exhilarating cocktail jacket in hectic plaid taffeta, buttoned down the front, and spiced with two huge satchel pockets.

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No. 3.—Nightie. Requires: 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds., 36ins. wide.

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F2055.—Impeccable slack suit with smart boxy jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. for jacket, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. for slacks, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. for blouse, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2477.—Attractive summer suit for small boys. 2 to 8 years. Requires: $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. for trousers and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. for blouse, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

F3152.—Flattering style with front fullness disciplined at the waist with a shaped cummerbund. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3158.—Youthful suit with figure-hugging jacket and box-pleated skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. for skirt and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. for jacket, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1090.—Cool style with swing skirt, and full bodice gathered onto a yoke. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3155.—Unusual frock with shaped yoke, full sleeves and slim-making lines. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2056.—Button-down-the-front frock with dainty collar, cuffs and pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4 yds., 36ins. wide, and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. frilling. Pattern, 1/7.

Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



F1090



F3155

F2056

F2477

F3152

F3158

THE FATHER SUFFERS SO

"Being a father," said Mr. Hiller, "is sometimes a terrible thing." Before the night was over Harry quite agreed with him.

Illustrated by WEP

AT seven-ten o'clock one Wednesday evening, precisely ten minutes after Graduate Nurse Virginia Bentley had relieved Graduate Nurse Sarah O'Brien at the Fanny Paddock General Hospital's third-floor reception desk, Harry James Fortesque stepped jauntily out of the elevator.

This in itself was a remarkable thing. The numerous gentlemen who frequented this particular part of the splendid Fanny Paddock were often hushed and reverent, apprehensive and feverish; sometimes wearily content, but almost never jauntily. And about all of them were the unmistakable signs,



"I didn't come to see you!" Harry told her, jauntily. "I came to see about a baby."

"I don't believe it," said Miss Bentley severely.

"I don't know why I should explain," he observed, "but I will. Johnny—that's Mr. Brown—had to leave town two days ago, and he was worried. I've known Johnny and Blanche for ten years. To ease his mind I offered to stand in for him here. In loco parentis, as it were. That's Latin, and you wouldn't understand it. It means in the place of the parent."

"I never heard of such a thing!"

"You will please notify Mrs. Brown and her physician," he directed.

"You can't stand here," she said, and she jerked her thumb in the direction of a little room behind the desk.

The Fanny Paddock was a magnificent institution, a monument to the fashionable and discriminating sick, and to the men who piled among them with scalpel, suture, and spirits of nitre. To be ill at the Fanny Paddock, in fact, was an experience in graceful living. The rooms were gay, spacious and amply furnished; the corridors broad and spotless, sparkling with tile and glass brick.

The little room, however, to which young Mr. Fortesque had been so summarily committed provided a dreadful contrast to the rest of the institution. It reeked strongly of stale tobacco smoke, was furnished with seven unyielding straight-backed chairs, a ponderous table, three ashtrays, and some out-of-date magazines.

It was here that the fathers of the city entered into the Valley of the Shadow while their wives, in opulence and ease beyond, attended to the comparatively pleasant business

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Fortesque cheerfully.

"H'yar," they mumbled.

"Been here long?"

The gentleman with the cigarette stirred. "I've been here since noon," he said. He indicated the others wearily. The man with his feet on the table, he said, was Jacobson; he'd been there since nine o'clock that morning. The man with the unworked crossword puzzle was Rue; he'd checked in at eleven. The man with the watch was Hiller; he'd been there only since five-thirty that evening, and was clearly regarded by the others as a tenderfoot.

"What's the market doing?" asked the man with his feet on the table.

"Haven't noticed," Fortesque said. "It doesn't matter, anyway," the other observed.

"My name's Stone," said the man with the cigarette. "When did your wife get here?"

IM Fortesque," said Harry, "and she's not my wife. I'm sort of representing her husband. He's my friend, and he couldn't be here."

"The guy ain't got trouble enough," observed Rue. "He's got to go out and look for it."

Miss Bentley appeared at the door and glowered at Mr. Fortesque.

"You may wait in here, Mr. Giffadden," she said.

A stout, breezy little man of about forty entered behind her, sat down, and noted his wrist watch.

"Seven twenty-five," he said to no one in particular. "Seven twenty-five to the dot."

"I've got seven twenty-four and three seconds," said the man with the watch.

"You're a little slow," said the stout man. "I always check with the post-office clock at a time like this. Like to keep sort of a record."

"You've been here before?"

"Well, I should say so!" the little man grinned. "Yes, indeed. Four times. Four times and four boys. Always boys. Boys on both sides of the little, generations back."

It seemed only an instant before Miss Bentley again appeared.

"Mr. Giffadden," she said. "It's another little boy."

"Never saw anything like it," said the little man, folding his paper. He laughed uproariously. "Well, good night, everybody."

"An old hand," observed Mr. Stone. "He was frankly envious."

The conversation took a clinical turn. Young Mr. Fortesque listened at first with interest, then with mounting amazement, finally with outright horror and embarrassment.

"Well, that may all be true," he said, at length. "But it's worth it, isn't it? The little fellows are a great comfort. They give you something to go home to, don't they?" He sat down. "Personally," he said, "I'd like to be Giffadden. I wish I had six."

Hiller sadly put his watch away.

"Me," he said. "I'd rather be sent to Siberia." He shook his head. "My friend," he said, "I have a little girl with curls. You know, like a picture book. I came home the other night and she brought my slippers and smoking jacket down to me."

"That's exactly what I mean!" cried Mr. Fortesque.

"Do you know what was in my slippers?"

"No. What?"

"Mashed potatoes and gravy."

Fortesque chuckled.

"It's very funny," said Hiller, "until you come home tired from work some evening and put your feet into a slipper full of mashed potatoes and gravy. But that wasn't all. She didn't think I had enough butter on my smoking jacket, so she painted on a couple extra."

"Being a father," said the man with the watch, "is sometimes a terrible thing."

"You certainly don't make it sound very attractive," said Fortesque.

"Attractive!" said the man with the watch. "Listen! Let me give you an idea. You come home at five-thirty, dead tired. You're looking forward to a few minutes in the old easy chair with the paper, then a nice quiet dinner. This night, you tell yourself, is going to be different. But it never is."

"First thing happens is you can't get in the front door. The kid knows how to unlock it, so your wife's got it roped. So you ring the bell and pound on the door until they finally hear you above the clamor inside. The living-room looks like a rummage sale. There are toys from here to breakfast. There are three new crayon marks on the wall-paper."

"You pick up your pipe and it tastes of soap bubbles. You collect the evening paper, and you can't find the front page. The little girl is coloring it for you. Your little boy is sitting in his high chair out

the dreadful symptoms of incipient fatherhood.

There was not, however, in young Mr. Fortesque's demeanor the slightest suggestion of paternal expectancy. He looked a good deal, in fact, like a man who had spent a profitable hour or two at some nearby hotel.

As a matter of fact, that's exactly what he had done.

He had been regaling a patient and unhappy bartender with a glowing account of a spectacular quarrel which had occurred only that afternoon between himself and this same Nurse Bentley. It was a quarrel which had resulted in a mutually firm and irrevocably final parting, and the return by special messenger of her engagement ring not long afterward.

This unfortunate falling-out had been predicated upon charming Miss Bentley's shocking refusal to enter into wedlock unless it be distinctly understood and specifically agreed that there would be no pitter-patter of baby feet, no infant fingerprints upon the walls, no sudden chewed crackers ground into the rugs of the home they proposed to establish.

Miss Bentley had not minced words. She knew exactly, she had said, what motherhood entailed, and she didn't intend to devote the best years of her life to nursing bottles and soiled spinach.

Nor was this the only respect in which the callous Miss Bentley had blighted Mr. Fortesque's life. By reason of working nights and being available only in the afternoon, she had allowed him to squire her to countless teas and matinees, to the great detriment of his business.

By being irresistibly desirable, flatteringly attentive, and potentially cuddlesome, she had led him shame-

lessly on, knowing all the while that he was a stickler for vine-covered cottages, frilly house dresses and sprouts in rompers. The woman clearly had no heart, and probably no soul.

Young Mr. Fortesque's position as star salesman for National Machinery was now in jeopardy. Frank Thorpe, vice-president in charge of sales and promotion, had told him as much.

"Frankly, Fortesque," he had warned, "we are not pleased. We're getting a new chairman of the board here soon, and there's going to be a reorganisation all around. If I hadn't a much more important matter on my mind to-day I'd go over your last two monthly reports. However, I'll see you to-morrow afternoon. I'll tell you frankly, Fortesque, you'd better have a very convincing defence ready."

Now Miss Bentley glanced up from her work, and colored.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded. "I said I never wanted to see you again, and I meant it."

His shattered dream

"Of course you did," young Mr. Fortesque replied. "And I feel quite the same myself. I didn't come to see you. I came to see about a baby."

"It's no use, Harry," she said. "I'm in no mood for humor."

"I am here," he repeated, "on business. Mrs. Brown's baby."

"It's not permitted," she snapped. "Only fathers and members of the immediate family are allowed to wait on this floor."

"It's not only Mrs. Brown's wish," he insisted, "it's also her husband's. In fact, she had me notified when she started for the hospital."

of ushering in the younger generation.

Harry Fortesque found four miserable creatures in the place. One sat staring at an unworked crossword puzzle in his lap. Another flicked a cigarette over an enormous mound of butts. A third was alternately winding his watch and holding it up to his ear. The fourth was sprawled in his chair, feet propped up on the table. Only the automatic lifting of an eyelid upon Fortesque's entrance betrayed the presence of the faint spark of life yet left in the man.

Humorous story by DOUG WELCH

in the kitchen, hollering his head off because they won't give him his 'puddy' before his minced liver and spinach.

"Your wife is still in a house dress, looking as if she'd just finished a double shift in a laundry, and she has. After dinner she collapses on the sofa. She's too tired to go anywhere. She lies there with a cold towel on her head, and twitches. The kids yell in bed until eight-thirty. At ten o'clock you've got to get them up again."

"What you're describing," said Mr. Stone, "would be an exceptionally quiet evening at my house."

"I had no idea," said Fortesque, appalled.

Miss Bentley appeared at the door. "Mr. Jacobsen," she said. "The doctor thinks . . ."

The man with his feet on the table never stirred. She crossed the room and shook him lightly.

"Mr. Jacobsen," she said, "the doctor thinks it will be another hour or so . . ." She paused. "Are you feeling all right?" She hurried from the room, returned with a small glass.

"Drink this," she said. "You'll feel better. It's a little brandy. I'm sorry you've had such a long wait."

Fortesque rose.

"About Mrs. Brown?" he asked.

"I am not permitted," she said, with obvious relish, "to give out any information except at the doctor's orders."

"Perhaps if you told the doctor I had inquired . . .?"

"The doctor has three other cases on this floor to-night," she said, "and I wouldn't dream of disturbing him."

Fortesque followed her into the corridor.

"I'm a little worried," he pleaded. "Johnny was afraid—well, he thought she might have a little trouble—the doctor said . . ."

"I am sure," she said, "that the doctor will not need your assistance, Mr. Fortesque."

"Now look here, Virginia—"

"I'll have to ask you to step out of the corridor," she said.

"All right, all right," he replied.

"If you think I get any pleasure out of talking to you, why you are . . ."

But she was seated again at the reception desk engaged with her charts.

"Of course, it isn't any of my business," ventured Stone, "but I would almost think she doesn't like you for some reason."

"She doesn't," replied Fortesque.

"She doesn't want to have any babies."

The bemuddled and lifeless Mr. Jacobsen brought his feet down from the table with a bang, opened his eyes in shocked surprise.

"I guess I'll have to explain," said Fortesque. And he did.

"I'd never have believed it," said Stone. "And such a pretty little thing, too! A jitterbug, I suppose. And typical of all the young people

of to-day. We're looking into a fine future, aren't we?"

"I don't know," said the man with the watch. "I can see some argument on her side, too."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Jacobsen. "Fortesque is absolutely right!"

"Jiggerst!" warned the man with the crossword puzzle. "She's coming."

"Mr. Stone," said Miss Bentley, "it's a little boy."

Mr. Stone swelled visibly, then whooped.

"Please!" she cautioned. "Please, Mr. Stone! This is a hospital! Now, if you follow me you may visit Mrs. Stone for a few minutes and have a peek at your baby."

The others congratulated the new father heartily, but subsided into a stupor on his departure.

"Two boys already to-night," said Mr. Jacobsen sadly. "They'll be running out of boys when it comes my turn."

The evening wore tediously on; young Mr. Fortesque hitched himself about in his chair with increasing impatience.

"What line of business are you in?" he inquired of the man with the watch.

"Insurance," the other replied.

"Go ahead and give me a sales talk," Fortesque asked. "I might want to buy some, and, anyway, it will give us something to think about."

"Nothing doing," said the other. "I'm not in the mood."

At ten-thirty it was a boy for the man with the crossword puzzle; at

eleven-thirty it was another boy for the man with the watch. Miraculously revived, they stumbled happily away. Jacobsen plunged deeper into gloom.

"That makes four," he sighed. "They must be getting down to the bottom of the bin by this time. It can't last. They'll start handing out girls almost any minute now."

"It'll be a boy," said Fortesque.

"Do you really think so?"

"I'm sure of it," Fortesque replied, but without much enthusiasm. It mattered very little to him now what the Jacobsens had. The walls of the room were perceptibly closing in upon him, his chair throbbed under him like a jackhammer.

He counted the legs of the table and the legs of the seven chairs, multiplied them by six and divided by four. He got forty-eight, but it wasn't much fun. He turned

dearly to an article on the manu-

facture of steel. He examined the

life-lines in the palms of his hands, counted his change, projected imaginary lines from the surface of the table to the wall.

"Good heavens!" he exploded presently. "What are they doing out there, anyway!"

He rose, crossed swiftly to the reception desk. Miss Bentley was occupied with a middle-aged woman, likewise in uniform.

"Miss Bentley," he said, "I've simply got to have some kind of a report."

"There is nothing to report yet," she said.

"Ask the doctor!" he commanded.

"I can't disturb the doctor," she said. "He's sleeping."

"He's doing what!"

"He's sleeping."

"He's sleeping."

"He's sleeping."

"He's sleeping."

"He's sleeping."

"He's sleeping."

"He's sleeping."

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"He's sleeping."

MY GARDEN

Ye who boast of hoarded treasure

Look awhile on mine;

Twigs and sprigs and buds

lets bursting,

Moss and clinging vine;

Trembling showers of blushing flowers,

Petals floating down,

Fragrant scent of soil newly crumbled,

Moist and soft and brown.

You may keep your worldly riches,

All I ask is this:

Earth to dig and sow and shelter,

Dew-drops' gentle kiss.

Things to prune and trim and gather,

Beauty to impart.

This my labor and my pleasure,

This my inmost heart.

—Marie L. Baird.



The waiting-room contained four extremely miserable-looking men.

An Editorial

DECEMBER 28, 1940

CHRISTMAS BOX FROM THE EAST



THIS year we celebrate Christmas with the news of the war in the Western Desert ringing in our ears.

The conflict is brought very close to us by the realisation that our Air Force and the men of the A.I.F. are in action with Wavell's victorious army in Libya assisting in the final rout of the Italians.

The fact that our soldiers are actually fighting does place a shadow over our Christmas festivities, but there is a very bright lining to it.

Consider the Christmas box the armies in the East are bringing the Empire.

They are bringing us victory—they are driving Mussolini out of Africa and ending his dream of an African Empire. They are proving that the Empire can take the offensive and carry out a brilliantly planned aggressive campaign. The days of waiting are over—the days of action beginning.

The Christmas box from the East we like best of all is the fact that the Empire has been given a great military leader in General Wavell. England has been asking for a great leader and a great victory. She has both.

These are the things to cheer us this Christmas time when our thoughts turn to our soldiers and we wonder how they are faring.

Christmas time carries a traditional note of hope. Let us translate this in the events of the moment.

The war outlook is brighter. Victory is making it a happy Christmas for the troops.

Everywhere the tension is relaxed. After months of defence we have been able to take the offensive with dramatic success.

Confident that the tide of battle has turned in our favor, The Australian Women's Weekly extends to its readers best wishes for Christmas.

—THE EDITOR.

TWO SETS OF TWINS

...make this grandma proud

One of the proudest grandmothers in Australia is Mrs. Mary Yates, of Healesville, Victoria, whose daughter, Mrs. W. H. (Bob) Parer, of Wewak, New Guinea, has two sets of twins, and air-minded twins at that.

One pair is three years old, the other nine months, and Mrs. Parer manages to be quite calm about the problems of managing them in the tropical wilds of New Guinea.

MRS. PARER was Miss Molly Yates before she was married at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne, and went to live in New Guinea seven years ago.

She caused a mild sensation in Australia in April, 1938, when she stepped from a plane at Essendon holding her first twins, Carolin and Robert, one under each arm, after flying with them from New Guinea.

Carolyn and Robert were nine months old, and even then had flown more miles than the average person covers in a lifetime, partly because everybody is air-minded in New Guinea, partly because their home was then at Watuk, and their only contact with the outside world was by plane.



GRANDMOTHER of the four Parer twins, Mrs. Mary Yates, of Healesville, Vic.

Carolyn and Robert now have a baby brother and sister, also twins, nine months old, Ian Patrick and Sheila.

"They were born on St. Patrick's Day, so the name Patrick had to come in somewhere," said their proud granny, as she hunted out dozens of snaps of the family.

"I have not seen Ian and Sheila, but my daughter keeps me well supplied with snaps, and writes regularly. My only other grandchild is David, small son of my son Linton, who lives at Elsternwick.

"Some women are born mothers. My daughter Molly is one. She is perfectly happy in being the mother of two sets of twins.

"Fortunately all four babies are very healthy, though they were all premature. Molly had to fly from Watuk to the hospital at Wau when Carolyn and Robert were



MR. AND MRS. BOB PARER and their two sets of twins, Carolyn and Robert, three years, and Sheila and Ian Patrick, nine months old.



HAPPY MOTHER with second pair of twins, Sheila and Ian Patrick, just as they are now, aged nine months.



THE FIRST pair of Parer twins, Carolyn and Robert, when they flew to Australia with their mother in 1938. They were then nine months old.

born, and from Wewak to Wau again when Sheila and Ian were born.

"The very first time the babies went out they went by plane. They flew home from hospital, and since then they have flown to Wau to visit their father's nephew, Mr. Kevin Parer, and his family.

"It was when Molly was down here in 1938 that her husband moved to Wewak. "They lived in a lonely house of bamboo with a thatched roof at Watuk, and Molly expected Wewak, a new goldfield near Medang, to be even more primitive, but now it has grown into a pretty little village.

"My son-in-law has a freezer there and supplies meat and other stores to the people of the district.

"Molly was a dress designer before her marriage, and she makes all the children's clothes. She is always careful to make them easy to iron, and has invented several patterns that can be opened out almost flat for ironing.

"She has two native women to look after the children, and four houseboys, but there is still plenty to do.

"She is greatly indebted to The Australian Women's Weekly mothercraft expert, who supplies her with pamphlets

regularly. There are no Baby Health Centres in New Guinea, you know.

"Already she has had to nurse the babies through malaria, but they seem none the worse for it.

"From all accounts they are not really very hard to look after. The two older children have instinctively made themselves responsible for the two younger ones.

"When Sheila cries, Carolyn rushes to her. If Ian cries, Robert runs in to see what is the matter.

"Molly says the two older kiddies have sewing cards now, and Carolyn is doing one for 'Mah Grandma' for Christmas.

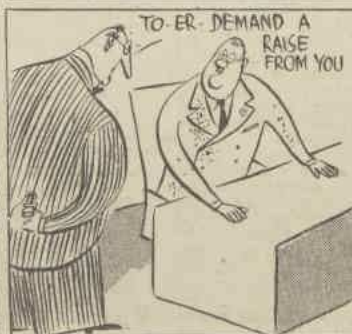
"When she last wrote, Molly said, 'I have just made my Christmas cake. Eggs are 4/1 a dozen here, but the natives at the freezer had cracked some, so I was able to put ten eggs into the cake without feeling too guilty.'

"That sort of thing seems to be the only worry they have, though the plane only calls once a week and the boat only once in six weeks.

"They all get about the local district very comfortably in Bob's motor lorry by fixing an upholstered cane lounge in place just behind the driver's seat."

Asked if there was any history of other twins in the family, Mrs. Yates laughed and said, "Well, I had twin sisters, and there were twins in Bob Parer's family."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY... By WEP



JUBILANT GINGER CELEBRATES CHRISTMAS...

And makes some New Year resolutions

Ginger was in his most obnoxious mood the other day, when he gets sort of ingratiating and calls me "Malsie-Walsie." That's hard to take, even from Ginger.

"Malsie-Walsie," he said to me—as sure a sign as a loving wife who twiddles with your buttonhole in the old coat lapel. (Ginger says those buttonholes are put there for that very purpose.)

MALSIE - Walsie," simpered Ginger, "I'm going to give you the LOVELIEST watch... next Christmas."

"We've hardly finished with this Christmas yet," I said, hedging. "Anyway—I've got a decent enough watch now." "That's what I wanted to see

you about," said Ginger. "I know, Mal, I'm thinking of becoming an auctioneer in the new year."

"What's that got to do with my watch," I asked, with a sinking feeling.

"I've just put it under the hammer," said Ginger.

By
**MAL VERCO
and GINGER**
Australia's famous
entertainers

Well, he always COULD run faster than I do, bearing in mind the fact that he'd done me proud with an engraved fly-spray for Christmas. I told him we'd let bygones be bygones, and start the new year right.

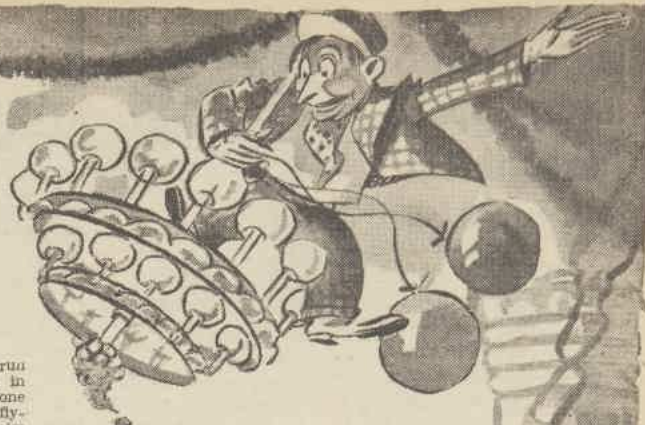
"Good on you," said Ginger in a relieved voice, and striking while the iron was hot I asked him about his New Year resolutions.

"No more drinking," said Ginger solemnly, "after Jim's party next Friday." The red-headed fellow annoyed me with his qualifications, but I persevered.

"You shouldn't drink, anyway, Ginge," I told him. "Just drink water. It keeps you from getting stiff in the joints."

"Some of the joints don't sell water," said Ginger archly.

"By the way, Mal," he said slyly, "it's not New Year yet, is it?" I pointed dumbly to



"Lovely party," cried Ginger from his perch...

the owner of Ginger's flat flung out into the night. Ginger threw the candle-stump out after him and lighted a fresh one.

"What about those New Year resolutions?" I began, but before Ginger could think up an excuse there was a hansom bell from outside.

Ginger flung the window up—he's a great one for having his fling or being flung (out of places)—and there was the gang.

"All clear," he shouted, and the mob hopped in. They swooped like locusts. In about five minutes there were no crusts, dripping, treacle, cheese rinds, or quince jam left. In fact, Ginger's cupboard was bare.

The crowd just waited to see that there was not another drop of anything—save water in the bath-lap—and then stamped out.

"Lovely party, wasn't it?" cried Ginger from his perch on the lamp bracket.

"Now come down to earth," I said harshly. I was feeling sore.

So would you, if you'd been sitting on a packing-case for three hours.

"About those New Year resolutions... you'd better make some good ones."

"Sure," said Ginger a trifle, munching a crust which he'd hidden behind a picture. "I've got it all worked out. I'm gonna help you like anything, Malsie."

Bearing up bravely under the shock, I asked how.

"I'm gonna get real matey with the bloke in the bird shop down the road," said Ginger, whimsically, "real matey with him."

"Why get matey with a man in a bird shop," I asked, getting ready to go.

"So that when you lose your job as a ventriloquist," simpered Ginger, "you'll get a steady job with him selling talking parrots!"



The crowd just waited to see that there was not another drop of anything...

Exquisitely Immaculate



Only a true long-lasting perspiration check will satisfy your standards of grooming.

If you are truly fastidious how can you be satisfied with less? It is not enough to start the day—or the evening—sweet and fresh. You demand long-lasting underarm daintiness that will not wash off in the bath or fail you in the middle of the day. You will not risk losing your freshness and charm half way through an evening of dancing.

The average girl needs to use Liquid Odorono only twice a week. It is not quicker to use, but it is *surer*.



ODO-RO-NO

Two strengths:

ODORONO REGULAR
INSTANT ODORONO
1/-, 2/- and 3/6

the calendar. "Then I can bite you," said Ginger. "I won't be breaking any New Year resolutions about putting the nips in. Lend us a dollar, Palsie."

"What have you done with the last five bob I gave you?" "Spent the lot on frogs' legs, Malsie."

"Frogs' legs?" "Yeah—can't you smell the hops?" I paid over the five bob. It's easier that way.

Absently lighting one of my Christmas cigars, Ginger informed me that he was putting on his last party of the old year.

"You must come as an honored guest," said Ginger. "An honored guest," he repeated the words lovingly, and fixed me with a speculative eye, as though he wondered how many dozen oysters I'd be good for. But I had a comeback.

"Remember the final party you staged in 1939?" I said.

"Will I ever forget it!" said Ginger dreamily. "It was a whizzer. It turned out to be the first party of 1940—lasted over a week."

In mailed shirt

"THAT'S right. Well... I'm afraid I'll be unavoidably..." "Where do you get that stuff?" said Ginger menacingly. "If you can't come over to MY place I'll just bring the gang over to yours."

That was blackmail, so I gave in. Putting on my mailed shirt, I duly attended Ginger's party. When I arrived there was no party. In the sickly light of a candle stuck into a bottle top, a figure was reclining on the settee. I tiptoed in. It was the landlord!

At that moment Ginger lurched in through the window. "Where's the mob?" he asked, aghast.

The landlord sat up. "I chucked the Gadarene swine out," he hissed. "I don't care what you did with the wine," said Ginger. "It was nearly all gone, anyway—but where's the mob—where's me guests?"

"I've made a New Year resolution all of my own," said the landlord. "It's to stop all your parties, and bring round an eviction order on the first rent day in the New Year."

They didn't actually come to blows, and when weapons are words even landlords haven't a chance with Ginger.

Murmuring threats, and with a final despairing shake of the head,

How does she keep Happy Healthy and Slim



YOU can be healthy, happy and attractively slim; you can keep gloriously fit and get full enjoyment out of life if you follow the golden rule of taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system and daily remove all food residue, thus improving your health, clearing your complexion and keeping you slim and youthful.

So, if you want to look and feel your best at all times, remember to take your Bile Beans regularly every night.

"Since taking Bile Beans friends tell me that I look more like a woman in the early twenties—I feel it, too. The nightly Bile Beans not only keep my figure slim and youthful, but make me feel wonderfully healthy and full of activity all day long."—Mrs. L. Hesbeth.

"In my stage work it is very necessary for me to keep an attractive, youthful figure. I find that Bile Beans are just the thing for keeping me slim and maintaining my health and fitness."—Miss P. Franks.

BILE BEANS

Keep You Healthy and Youthful

Winnie the War Winner



"Little present for you, General!"

HE who laughs LASTS



DAD: My word, Johnny, your hair grows quickly.
JOHNNY: Yes, it must be those hair-raising thrillers you gave me for Christmas.



AIRMAN (after crashing): I just happened to get into an air-pocket.
OLD LADY: And was there a hole in it?



"She bought her costume by instalments."
"Is that the first instalment she's wearing?"

End those
nights of
TORTURE



BRAINWAVES

• A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"I USED to snore so loud that I woke myself up. But I cured myself."
"How did you do it?"
"I sleep in the next room now."

FATHER: Isn't it time you were entertaining the prospect of matrimony?
Daughter: Not quite, Dad. He won't be here until eight o'clock.

"If your car has been stolen, why don't you communicate with the police?"

"I'm not worrying about the car. I'm wondering how they got the thing to go."

"HOW'S your husband getting on with his golf?"
"Marvellous! He hit a ball in one this morning."

"It must be awful to be a debt collector. You must be unwelcome wherever you go."
"Not at all. Practically everybody asks me to call again."

"SO you're married to John?"
"Yes. At first we intended to remain good friends, but we changed our minds."



You need **BOVRIL**
FOR ENERGY & STRENGTH

There is plenty of **BOVRIL**
and plenty more coming

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Suntan seekers . . .

DECORATING Palm Beach on and after Boxing Day will be the Geoff Grimwades, of Melbourne, and Joan Galbraith . . . in same house party. Also the Bill Moses'.

It's Whale Beach for the Royce Lysaghts and Mrs. Lysaght's sisters, Mesdames Rex Linsley and Harry Osborne.

The Hamilton Kirklands and children, Mary Ruth and Thomas, are angling for bigger and better trout at Bindabella . . . miles from Canberra.

Sutton Forest for the Judge Maxwell's, Betty and Margaret. Bowral for Mrs. Lex Albert, who intends coping with three small sons, and no nurse.

In January the Richard Pyes and daughter Shirley will head for summer holiday at Kosciuszko.

Ten acres moving . . .

FESTIVE season is slightly marred for quite a few well-known Potts Point residents by worry of imminent moving day. Ten acres of them have to make way for new naval dock.

It won't be long now before Bellevue Gardens, with its £3000 swimming pool and eight luxury flats, will be no more. Wyldesfel, Charlemont, Jenner, The Clifford also are in resumed area.

The Philip Bushells will leave their noted old home, Kismet, for one which was much in the public eye when Earl Beauchamp lived there—Carthona, on Darling Point waterfront. "So thrilled," says Amber Bushell. "Always loved that beautiful old grey stone house."

End of January is moving day for the Philip Bevans, Maybery and Ann. Meanwhile they're staying at their Jervis Bay house until New Year. New residence is the A. J. Kitchens' super flat in Rosemont Avenue . . . seven bedrooms and all mod. cons.

Did you know? . . .

NOEL COWARD matinee for Bomb Victims' Relief at Theatre Royal augmented by £128 from programme advertising . . . Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones and Peter Lubbock canvassed the advt.

A lovely diamond solitaire is Max Palmer's engagement gift to Jean Nall . . . one of the four Nall sisters of Mosman. Max is on leave from Cowra camp.

Is he magnetic?

THERE'S no doubt about Noel's box-office appeal to all ages of femininity. Staggered to find, when I arrive at King George's Fund for Sailors' cocktail party, that most of Sydney's dowagers, seldom seen nowadays in public, are firmly seated in Redleaf ballroom waiting for Noel.

Outside on terrace overlooking the harbor he is surrounded by lovely young things and smart matrons . . . Marie Livingston, Suzanne Fairfax, Joyce Hall, Bettina Reid, Peggy Osborne, Betty and Val Fairfax, Diana See, Jane Mills, Sheila Bell, Betty Church, Vicki Gordon.

A sun-tanned Noel sings several of his favorite songs after meeting majority of 300 guests.

He greets Jean Hussey Cooper as an old friend. And, of course, Stella Wilson, whom he asked to make a special trip from Melbourne to appear at Monday's matinee.

Scene I like best . . . U.A.P. secretary Horsfield absorbed in having his fortune told. Can't help wondering if he got a tip on result of Swan by-election.

Let's go festive . . .

PARENTS determine to make this Christmas season as exciting as possible for their young hopefuls and debutante daughters . . . and so we have grand procession of parties and dances.

Children's party at Redleaf is great fun—for 200 small ones in immaculate muslin whose fond mammas pay ten shillings for them as they step from cars at front gate . . . and also for dozen or so in odd swimsuits who "gate-crash" via Seven Shillings Beach.

R.A.A.F. Comforts Fund benefits by £100 from party.

Lady Mostyn brings baronet son Piers and daughter Margaret . . . both make beeline for merry-go-round. Other ardent merry-go-rounders are Robert Loder, Annette and Pamela Onslow, Rosalind Chambers, Moira and Annette Dunlop.

Young Gillian Ashton is a donkey ride up on her cousins, Rosemary and Joan, by the time they arrive with their mother, Mrs. Jim Ashton.

The debs', day . . .

SUCH a collection of our youngest and prettiest at Redleaf when twenty-four town and country hostesses entertain in honor of their just-left-school daughters.

Thrilling day for debutantes . . . Lady Gowrie invites them to informal afternoon tea at Admiralty House. Then dinner parties before they officially "come out."

Munro clan well represented . . . Penelope, daughter of the Rowley Munros, of Moree, and Queensland cousins, Suzanne Munro, Rossie Chandler, Jacqueline Ross.

Pretty titian Judy Mills, Elspeth Lowther, June Milson, Lorna Close other country debs. Also Patricia Holland and Barbara Woodward, daughters of Grafton doctors.

All twenty-four in demure white and carrying posies . . . Barbara Finlay chooses stephanotis from own Drummoynne garden.

Christening rush . . .

QUITE a Christmas rush of christenings . . . Three on Sunday . . . David Winston Martin, son and heir of the Roger Martins; Virginia Gail Theodore, the Ned Theodores' first-born, and Victor John Saywell, son of the Jack Saywells.

Thomas Wallace Peters wears fetching robe of broderie anglaise for ceremony at St. Stephen's. He is the Tom Peters' son and heir.

Thousand dinners . . .

CHRISTMAS DAY in the canteens . . . you'll find at St. Andrew's Hut Joyce Peebles, Mollie Butters, Frances Ash, Jill Garnock, Philippa Day, Mesdames Roy McMorran, Halse Millett, Randolph Kidder. They expect a thousand customers.

Seen around town . . .

JASMIN BARTON wearing lovely sapphire ring.

Foursome at supper . . . the Claude Ploumans, Helen Bainton, and pianist Clifford Huntsman.

And heard . . .

GOVERNOR - GENERAL'S house party for Christmas includes Mrs. Nell McEachern (cousin of Princess Alice), her husband, Captain McEachern, and Noel Coward.



• LOIS CHARTRES and Pat Gillilan hard at work with clever fingers finishing Yuletide gifts they have made for lucky friends.



• NOEL COWARD tells Judy Sayers he likes her pink shell necklace . . . at King George's Fund for Sailors' cocktail party.



• "WHO'LL BUY a ticket for this bicycle?" ask Mrs. J. V. Malcher and Amber Jacobs at Netherlands Relief Fund party at Elaine, Double Bay.



• ENA EDWARDS (left) and Janet Solomon at afternoon-tea party at Prince's. Guest of honor is Jean Gibson, who weds Stuart Clarke, of Adelaide.



• "WHAT a nice donkey, Mummy," says little Carol Carter to Mrs. Geoff Carter at children's party at Redleaf, Double Bay.



• GOOD PARTNERS. Betty Nash and Aircraftman John Cullen tango at Schofield House, when Home Front Club entertains.



• CHRISTMAS TOAST shared by charming Melbourne visitor Marie Stahl and Lieut. Don Johnston at army officers' party at Rosebery racecourse.



• DAVIS CUP STAR John Bromwich in new role . . . best man at wedding of tennis players Thelma Rice and Arthur Huxley. A.I.F. Winsome Huxley is bridesmaid.

PUBLIC ENEMY N° 1



BEFORE FLIES SPREAD
DISEASE

**KILL with
FLY-TOX**

The common house fly is a danger to be dreaded. It is born and bred in filth, and brings its disease-laden body to infect and contaminate our food. If you have been experimenting with cheap, inferior sprays—then get back to Fly-Tox—Fly-Tox is inexpensive because it definitely kills flies, and all other insects.

Back to
FLY-TOX
IT KILLS all INSECTS

6-8-40



**New
ODO-RO-NO
CREAM**

**Stops
Perspiration
1-3 days**

New deodorant cream checks underarm perspiration
Does not irritate skin or harm clothing
It is non-greasy, will not soil clothing
Quick to use, it vanishes instantly
May be used before or after shaving
MORE FOR YOUR MONEY—Larger jar holds generous quantity.

**ODO-RO-NO
CREAM**

1/- and 2/-



SHE was relieved when Mrs. Henderson came slowly down the stairs.
"Have you got the torch, dear?"
"Yes," Mollie took it out of her pocket, put it back.
Together they went out into the stillness of the winter midnight.

Mrs. Henderson slipped her arm through her daughter-in-law's, and they groped slowly down the dark lane.

Mollie felt that Mrs. Henderson had grown less agile during the couple of months since she had known her. She always moved slowly now; her hands were thin and transparently white.

"Isn't it cold!" she shivered as they moved along.
Yes, Mollie decided in that moment Guy was right. She'd never stand it. She'd lie awake all night thinking of him, picturing agonising possibilities; every time she opened the paper her heart would suffer a fresh shock in anticipation. If the day came—and it must be soon—when she must know that Guy was already on duty, then Mollie felt she wouldn't survive it very long.

Somehow they found the gate, went up the path to the porch and fumbled their way into the familiar pew. The service was just beginning and a Christmas carol was being sung in the boys' high, clear treble.

Mollie had never felt so frightened, so close to disaster as she felt tonight. She felt as though she must put out her hand and fend off some dark thing that was coming closer and closer to the frail figure beside her. In her intense consciousness of Mrs. Henderson's helplessness, she somehow didn't realise her own position to the full. She was Guy's wife even if the other woman were his mother.

But being Guy's wife had gradually grown to mean to her doing what Guy would have her do, sharing his peril as though she were part of him; not looking at it from outside, dreading it for him, facing it as separation, but just sharing it. Everyone else might be separated from him, but that could never happen to her because she and Guy were one person.

Mechanically Mollie knelt at the right times, resumed her seat, stood up with the rest of the congregation. Once or twice she glanced sideways at Mrs. Henderson, noted that

I'll Be With You

Continued from page 18

there was no fear, no human doubt shadowing her Christmas worship. Mollie, still with the intense consciousness of the shadow hovering over them, could hardly bear to see the calmness and radiance of her face. It even flashed through the girl's mind that it would be good if Guy's mother could just pass out of human life here and now, never have her happy serenity torn from her. If she could keep for eternity the Christmas peace of to-night...

Peace on earth, goodwill to men... The culminating moment of the service came and passed. Seconds, minutes went by.

People were getting up one by one and going down the aisle, going back into the porch, wishing each other "Merry Christmas!" You could hear it.

Mollie waited for Mrs. Henderson to rise, but nothing happened. She waited another minute, then turned round and looked at her.

Mrs. Henderson's head was slightly raised, she was looking straight ahead. Her face had a strange pallor, and yet a sort of inner radiance seemed to shine through her eyes. She was entirely unconscious of where she was, what was expected of her. Mollie got up herself then, and stood looking down at her.

Fear filled her, fear of something she didn't quite grasp.

Mrs. Henderson turned her head slowly, looked round as though awaking from a deep sleep. There was even a bewildered look in her face as she rose from her knees and followed Mollie mechanically out of the pew.

The girl put her arm through Mrs. Henderson's, led her gently back into the porch.

"Don't you feel well, dear?" she asked anxiously.

And then she noted again that strange, rapt look in the other woman's face.

"Mollie"—her voice was so calm, just as though they were chatting over breakfast—"Mollie, Guy was with us in the church to-night. Didn't you feel it, too?"

A stab of pain went to Mollie's heart, swift and intolerable. "He hasn't told us, Mollie, but Guy has been out in action to-night. He's let us think he's still safe. He wants to spare us. It's so like him."

In consternation Mollie saw a soft smile on Mrs. Henderson's face, just as though Guy were safely standing at their side.

"Mother, what do you mean?" But already Mollie knew—and she knew, too, the reason of her own great fear to-night.

"He spared us the anxiety, Mollie, and to-night he came to us himself to tell us..."

Mrs. Henderson's voice was full of a great confidence and faith. "Didn't you know it, Mollie? Didn't you feel him with us? I am satisfied to—leave it now—with..."

But she couldn't quite finish.

It hadn't been a Christmassy Christmas dinner. True, they had eaten the turkey and the flaming pudding; they had done their best to pretend that it was just like any other Christmas. But it wasn't—not for Mollie or for Guy's mother. Six pairs of shining young eyes, six excited brains speculating about the tree in the next room that wasn't to be lighted until three o'clock—they had guessed nothing. Mollie and the mother had pretended so successfully. But it was only pretence.

Every time there was a sound like the click of the gate latch, Mrs. Henderson would turn her head sharply. Mollie knew that she was looking

for a telegram. They always sent telegrams... But they wouldn't on Christmas Day—Mollie felt sure they wouldn't. Still she said nothing.

The clatter of the children's voices never stopped. Mollie pulled the last cracker on the table with the red-headed little fellow on her right.

She glanced to the other end of the table where Mrs. Henderson was smiling absent-mindedly—only the children didn't know it was absent-minded.

The exalted mood of the night before was a little faded. Remained the daily round, the commonplace, the need, after a brief, weary night—to pretend.

"Oh, snow!" yelled the red-headed boy, his wide eyes staring towards the window.

"Let's go out!" was the immediate chorus.

"Get your coats on first," insisted Mollie mechanically.

She was quite used to this big family by now.

There was a whirlwind of movement round the table, the scuffling of feet, the pushing back of chairs, eager shrieks of excitement.

Finally they were all gone, and there was silence.

The silence was more concrete, more real than noise.

Mollie and Mrs. Henderson moved away to settle in armchairs in a cosy sitting-room. Absently Mrs. Henderson picked up her knitting.

The intrusive voice of the announcer announced: "This is the B.B.C. Home Service. Here is a short news bulletin, copyright reserved."

Mollie bestirred herself, looked across at Mrs. Henderson to see whether she should turn off the monotonous voice. She half rose from her chair.

"Don't bother, Mollie, don't bother."

Mollie was on her feet.

"As we broadcast in an earlier bulletin to-day, there was very gallant air action by three of our machines last night. The three planes got back safely, but one of the pilots was killed, the gunner taking his place on the homeward journey."

RECIPE

*I know that two and two make four,
That four eggs make a cake
If beaten well with other things
And left a while to bake.*

*But, oh, I'd gladly write it down
If someone could supply
A recipe when things go wrong,
To keep good temper by.*

—R. ASTON.

Suddenly quiet, hardly breathing, Mollie stood staring at Mrs. Henderson.

"This flight was one of the most daring R.A.F. exploits achieved in the war so far, and we can now give a first-hand account of it in the words of one of the pilots who carried out the operation."

Mollie's fingers clenched round the back of a chair, she stood breathless.

The voice of the pilot came—haltingly at first, then more clearly—into the still room.

"We took off from our aerodrome late last night and got over the enemy position just after midnight. As soon as we located our objective we came round in a great circle..."

Guy's wife and Guy's mother looked at each other with tear-wet eyes, in which shone a great and incredulous joy.

The steady young voice continued to speak to them of far, brave deeds, spoke intimately as though he were at their side.

A little sob broke from the mother—ineffable relief, ecstasy.

The room faded before Mollie's eyes, and she saw nothing but Guy's face.

After all, he was with them for Christmas.

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Anthony Hordern & Sons, Ltd., BRICKFIELD HILL, Sydney, N.S.W.
Scott's Pty., Ltd., HUNTER STREET, Newcastle, N.S.W.
T. C. Beirne Pty., Ltd., BRUNSWICK ST., The Valley, Brisbane, Queensland
Chemist Shop, Myer Emporium, ROBERT STREET, Melbourne, Vic.
Chemist Shop, Myer Emporium, RUNDLE STREET, Adelaide, S. Aus.
Boans Limited, WELLINGTON and MURRAY STS., Perth, Western Aus.

The answer is—

- 1—Scandinavian.
- 2—Poor people used to go round, etc.
- 3—Yes.
- 4—Battalion.
- 5—Saranda.
- 6—Eggs.
- 7—Cut it from an African plant.
- 8—A knob at the top of the mast.
- 9—MCMXII. (M=1000, CM=900, XL=40).
- 10—Tennyson.

Questions on page 18.

The Movie World

December 28, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

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• Scene in the office of the Nazi District Commissioner, Edgar Barrier, who blandly jeers at Mark's efforts to discover the fate of his mother.



• Nazimova (right) was brought from the Broadway stage to play Emmy Ritter, and with her came Blanche Yurka (centre) to play the nurse.



"ESCAPE"

SERIALISED IN THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY; NOW MGM FILM IS HERE

• Robert Taylor and Norma Shearer play Mark Preysing and the Countess von Treck in MGM's adaptation of Ethel Vance's book.



• "Escape" marks the first time that Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor have appeared opposite each other. Here is their first meeting, at the winter sports resort.



• Fidelity of the film to the book can be gauged by this tense scene involving the suspicious General, the Countess, and Mark.



• Emmy Ritter's pretended death forms a climax in the drama. Dr. Ditten, who is persuaded to help her escape in this way, is played by young Dutch actor Philip Dorn.



• Paul Lukas was originally chosen to play the General, but when Conrad Veidt arrived in Hollywood from England he, instead, was given this all-important role.



• Plotting the final escape from Germany—Emmy Ritter, Mark, and the Countess in the latter's home. The film will begin its tour of Australia next month.

Heard from ... LADIES IN LOVE

By CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

- OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND (her romance is James Stewart): "No elopement for me. When I marry I want a formal wedding like my sister Jean's; it was beautiful."
- IDA LUPINO: (Mrs. Louis Hayward): "I wouldn't give two cents for my career if it took me away from Louis."
- BRENDA JOYCE (engaged to Owen Ward): "I never go to night-clubs because Owen cannot stand them."
- MARY MARTIN (Richard Holliday's bride): "If someone said to me, 'You may have anything your heart desires,' I'd answer, 'Just let me keep my husband and the life I am living now'."



Like influential friends—Kayser stockings help you "pull strings". For who can resist the charm of slender, silken legs? ... And where is the girl who hasn't learnt the KAYSER art of combining Quality and Economy? The new Compass Colours are thrilling!

THINK Victory ... TALK Victory ...
"Victory" — the brave new Kayser Hosiery colour. A rosy beige in Service Weights and Sheers — 4/11 to 9/11



• Romance walked up to Jeanne Cagney on Paramount lot when actress Patricia Morison hailed her and said, "I want you to meet my brother Alec." To-day Jeanne and slim, dark, young Mr. Morison are inseparable — and James Cagney approves.

JUST ONE MORE SENTIMENTAL GESTURE TOWARDS REAL-LIFE ROMANCE

TO wear your beau's telephone number in brilliants on your jacket-lapel is the current craze around town. Unbeatably popular, however, is a much older fashion—that of wearing your heart on your sleeve.

For starry-eyed blushes and breathless confidences give me, not the shy small-town girl, but the average film actress of to-day.

Maybe it's the influence of so much make-believe lovemaking: I wouldn't know. All I can state is that they are as sentimental in private life as the girls who pressed rose-leaves in their Victorian diaries.

Linda Darnell registered hot indignation for the newspapers against that good-night-at-the-gate-I've-had-a-lovely-evening kiss.

"To me, a kiss is just awfully important," stated Miss Darnell. "When I kiss a man, I want it to mean something."

In the next breath Linda left by plane for Mexico City—chaperoned by her mother—in order to meet a boy from her home town.

Since Mickey Rooney has been squiring Linda here and there to parties, the gossips are chuckling over her public snub.

Broadway redhead Mary Martin made her fame with a cynical ditty called "My Heart Belongs to (Sugar) Daddy." In ordinary life, Miss Martin is the new wife of Paramount executive Richard Halliday. Exclaimed Miss Martin last week, "It isn't just that I'm in love. It's the sort of rightness that goes with it."

Some of them put it into writing.

too. Six weeks ago, when Betty Grable walked into Maxie Rosenbloom's restaurant, she spied there her former fiancé, Artie Shaw. Betty was in New York when Artie went out to Hollywood—and met fate and an elopement in the person of Lana Turner. The Rosenbloom restaurant orchestra struck up a song, popular last year, and Betty sent a note across to Mr. Shaw. "That's our number they're playing, remember?"

After this, it's pretty touching to record that Betty herself is being wooed with sentiment by handsome Victor Mature. To keep his marriage proposal constantly before Betty's eyes, he has given her a brooch which holds its question permanently in sapphire initials. "B G ? M."

And Betty wears it, too.



Only friends see
the best parlor
tricks of popular
film celebrities

By
BARBARA BOURCHIER
in Hollywood



HAVE you ever wondered how all these movie players, who draw hundreds of pounds a week for entertaining you and a few million other fans, entertain themselves?

Movie-making is an arduous business. There's not much chance for frivolity when you've got to get up at six in the morning and face the waiting cameras. But it has the advantage of giving players anything from two weeks to two months off between pictures—and that's when Miss Movie Star's social life gets into full swing.

Much has been said, written and a good deal more whispered about Hollywood parties, so much that there seems to be a general impression that they are unlike any other brand of party that has ever been given.

Certainly every once in a while some creative genius gets an original idea—like staging a luncheon aboard a huge passenger plane flying over the city. But, as a rule, these Hollywood affairs are much the same as parties anywhere else in the world.

The Californian climate being

generally warm, at least fifty per cent. of Hollywood's social activities take place outdoors.

Of course every diligent movie fan knows that no star's home is considered complete without a swimming-pool, and, usually, a tennis court alongside. A vast majority of parties these days centre around these two handy pieces of equipment.

Barbecue meals

USUALLY the pool is augmented by a little patio to which the guests can retire after their swim to eat a barbecue meal. The patio is inevitably decorated with assorted garden furniture, and equipped with a neat, built-in brick oven, or one of those little gadgets on wheels with a metal bin to hold the hot coals over which steaks, chops, and hamburgers may be done to a turn.

In Hollywood it's the "done thing" for the host or hostess to prepare the barbecue, and many a glamorous girl who couldn't boil an egg in an ordinary kitchen can whip up a succulent outdoor lunch in practically no time. Champion "barbecueer" of steaks is Pat O'Brien, who would sooner call off the whole party than

let his servants, or even his wife, take over the outdoor oven!

When it comes to indoor entertaining, honors are about equally divided between very formal dinners and elaborate, but considerably less formal, buffet suppers. The latter are usually staged for "after the preview" parties.

That's another angle of Hollywood entertaining. In the movie capital you don't just give a party because you feel like giving a party—there has to be a "reason." The reason may be a visiting celebrity like Noel Coward or Lady Mendl—preferably someone from overseas, with a title if possible, or, at least, extremely famous.

Then the entertainment will probably run to a formal dinner, or maybe a large cocktail party—and by large we mean at least two or three hundred people.

But visiting celebrities aren't always available, so the preview remains the most popular "reason" for party throwing. There's usually at least one big preview every week or so. The post-preview parties are always given by someone connected with the picture, and, as all the friends of everyone connected with the picture are sure to attend the preview, it works out very nicely for everyone concerned.

The routine of the preview party is quite definite. The host, usually the star or director, starts with a dinner for a few friends, then the dinner guests repair to the preview, and everybody at the theatre who

is anybody returns to the home of the host to celebrate.

If it's a really large party the entertainment may be quite elaborate and there's almost sure to be a small orchestra. If there's a singer present he or she will oblige with a song before the evening is over. If Reggie Gardiner is present he'll be asked to deliver his imitation of "trains."

For the smaller parties, conversation about movies and the playing of parlor games usually take up the evening.

Parlor games, particularly those involving a little acting ability, are always popular. "The Game," in which players had to act out slogans suggested by the opposing team, was all the rage in Hollywood for months, and no party was complete without a session.

Fun is simple

THE nicest parties in Hollywood are the smaller ones, attended by the little cliques of movielets who habitually club together. At these the guests relax, stop worrying about what people will think, and really have fun. Surprisingly enough, it's usually rather a simple sort of fun.

Nearly all the stars in Hollywood have small collections of parlor tricks which they delight in performing for their pals. It may be hard to imagine Norma Shearer doing deep knee bends with a glass of

water balanced on her neatly-coiffured head, but that's her favorite stunt, and she's proud of her ability to perform it.

At swimming parties, when only friends are present, Norma may stand on her head on the end of the diving board, a trick she manages in expert fashion.

There are lots of would-be magicians among the movie people, but Chester Morris is the undisputed champion. Chet learned his tricks from professionals, and has a huge bag of props with which he can give a whole evening of entertainment if he is sufficiently encouraged. Harold Lloyd and Henry Fonda both run Morris a close second in this department.

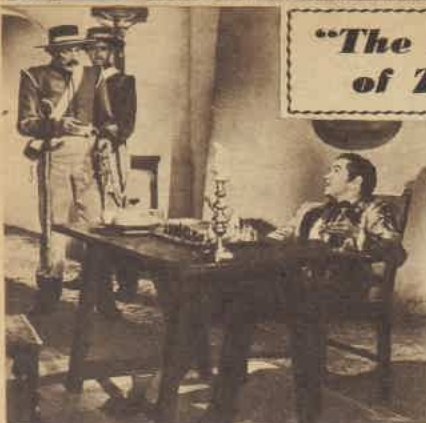
Bob Taylor isn't much of a party-goer, but he has one trick that has mystified many a Hollywood group. It consists of producing a glass full of water from beneath the coat of a fellow guest—much to the bewilderment of both victim and on-lookers.

Indeed, Hollywood is a small paradise for the party-giver who knows the right people. There may easily be a million pounds' worth of entertainment talent at a single party. The stars may object to strangers taking advantage of their presence by bluntly demanding some sort of a performance. But they always seem to enjoy showing off a few tricks for their friends, whether it is demonstrating a new card trick or singing an operatic aria—by request.

• The evident enjoyment of attractive Warners' player Jane Wyman, shown above luxuriating in the sun, gives point to the fact that swimming parties, held at their own garden pools, are most popular in all film society groups.

A million pounds' worth of talent at a single party

"The Mark of Zorro"



1 BY DAY, a young nobleman (Tyrone Power) is a top who supports the tyrannical Spanish rule over California.



2 BY NIGHT, this don is daring bandit Zorro who relieves the Spanish oppressors of the people's gold, and leaves his mark as a warning.



3 BRUTAL GOVERNOR (J. Edward Bromberg) is threatened by the masked Zorro with death, unless he resigns in favor of a more liberal ruler.



4 HUNTED by soldiers, Zorro escapes to apartment where, in disguise, he is captivated by governor's niece (Linda Darnell).



5 SUSPECTING kindly missionary (Eugene Pallette) to be the bandit Zorro, the Governor's aide, Estaban (Rathbone), arrests the friar.



6 THIS MISTAKE is followed by real Zorro's gesture of cutting the initial "Z," his mark, into every barrel stored in the Governor's wine cellar.

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7 CHALLENGING Estaban for the missionary's arrest, and forgetting he has always retained his foppish personality in public, Zorro engages Estaban in a duel.

TYRONE POWER ...adventurer

TYRONE POWER has abandoned the factual biography and modern drama of his recent films. From now on he will portray exclusively the hero of adventure, as picturesque, romantic, and "escapist" as his studio, Twentieth Century-Fox, can make it.

He begins this new phase of his career with "The Mark of Zorro," a remake of that colorful adventure romance in which the late Douglas Fairbanks starred in 1920.

Next he will play the Rudolph Valentino role in a version of "Blood and Sand," another hit of the 'twenties.

Then the studio will toss between Rafael Sabatini's "Black Swan," a remake of "Down to the Sea in

Ships," and a sequel to the "Zorro" film.

They're all down on Tyrone's list—a list that takes in every type of sea and land gallantry that you could imagine.

In "The Mark of Zorro," Tyrone has the role of a Spanish don in California who plots to overthrow the tyrannical Spanish rule of that day.

It was one of Fairbanks' favorite roles. Its story of the Spanish Robin Hood, top by day, adventurer by night, who robbed the rich to help the poor, fell in love with the niece of his enemy, took part in duels and daring escapes, has all the romance, adventure, and heroism that Fairbanks loved to portray.

In "The Mark of Zorro," Tyrone gets lovely, liquid-eyed Linda Darnell as his leading lady—and the most lavish wardrobe ever given a masculine star.

He wears twenty different costumes—and they cost the studio \$4000.

Banish FAULTY ELIMINATION with Genuine LAXETTES
STANDARD TIN 16
Trial Size-6" Sold in Tins at all Chemists & Stores

★★★ THE GREAT DICTATOR

(Week's Best Release.)

Charles Chaplin, Jack Oakie.
(United Artists.)

HERE at last is "The Great Dictator," that long-awaited film in which Charles Chaplin burlesques Hitler and Mussolini.

It is the comedian's first appearance on the screen since he made "Modern Times" five years ago.

"The Great Dictator" is a comedy which brilliantly wields that great weapon, laughter, in an attack on Nazism.

As Hynkel, Dictator of Plomania, Chaplin makes fun of Hitler by exaggerating the Fuehrer's strident eloquence and his jerky mannerisms. Like Hitler, Hynkel is always surrounded by storm-troopers and much pomp.

But this film also dwells on the persecution of Jews in Germany, and the pathetic lot of all little people under dictatorships.

Chaplin's story moves between the People of the Palace, led by Dictator Hynkel (Hitler), and the People of the Ghetto, led by the little barber (Chaplin in a dual role), and his sweetheart, Hannah (Paulette Goddard).

The film abounds in comedy. Some of its funniest scenes show the Dictators Hynkel and Napoleon (Jack Oakie's Mussolini), in rivalry. It has, however, many serious scenes, in which the Chaplin pathos is shown to the full.

Chaplin's deadly burlesque of Hitler, from the frothing speeches, in a Chaplin-coinced language, to the neurotic self-laudations, is even better than was promised; and Henry Daniell's sinister Garbitsch (Goebbels), with Billy Gilbert's comic Herring (Goering), are excellently done.

Chaplin's film is a superb mixture of satire, slapstick, and passionately sincere preaching—a film worth five years waiting for.—Plaza; showing.

★★★ THE THIEF OF BAGDAD

Conrad Veidt, Sabu. (United Artists.)

BRILLIANT producer Alexander Korda presents a spectacular Arabian Nights entertainment in technicolor.



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INECTO
HAIR COLOURING

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

Korda worked for two years on this film. In its lavish story he has combined many of the most imaginative incidents from Arabian Nights fables. This was done by means of trick photography and ingenious devices.

There are the giant Genie of the bottle; the six-armed dancing doll; the famous magic carpet; the mechanical horse that flies through the air, and the evil magic of the villain.

These incidents are woven into the story of the romance of the Prince of Bagdad (John Justin) and the Princess of Basra (June Duprez).

Conrad Veidt plays the sinister Grand Vizier, who tries to keep the lovers separated. Rex Ingram is the coal-black Genie, while Indian boy Sabu, of "The Drum" and "Elephant Boy" fame, plays the title role.

"The Thief of Bagdad" is an enchanting film for adults as much as for children.

It creates the quaint fables and the splendor of oriental market place and palace in most artistic color. It is, in fact, the most beautiful color film I have seen. The leisurely story has moments of breathless excitement. — Regent; showing.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

IT is rumored that Judy Garland will marry David Rose just as soon as his divorce from Martha Raye becomes final.

Judy, who has just turned eighteen, has been friendly with Rose for some time.

HEDY LAMARR's "waiting for the right story" days are over, and she's rapidly becoming the busiest star on the MGM lot. On completion of "Boom Town" Hedy went straight into "Comrade X" with Clark Gable. Now she has been whisked straight into "Come Live With Me," story of an Austrian refugee in New York who marries a penniless young author to escape deportation. This author is being portrayed by Jimmy Stewart.

BING CROSBY's eldest son, Gary, is about to follow in his father's footsteps. He will make his screen debut in a picture based on a popular children's story, "Miss Minerva" and William Green-Hill.

Though only seven, Gary has already displayed a decided talent for acting, and has been the star performer in several dramatic shows at the military academy he attends.

MICKEY ROONEY was beaming with pride the other evening as he walked into Ciro's with Linda Darnell on his arm.

Linda is one of the few glamour girls in Hollywood younger than the 19-year-old man-about-town.

PAULETTE GODDARD will soon graduate from smart comedy roles and attempt a really dramatic part in "Hold Back the Dawn." Charles Boyer will be her leading man.

Paulette has just left for a cruise, which takes in Panama, with Charlie Chaplin and the new picture will have to await her return.

THERE seems to be a movement in the film colony to revive the popularity of hobble skirts. Alice Faye wears several in "Tin-Pan-Alley." MGM's Adrian is designing a couple of modern adaptations of the hobble skirt for Hedy Lamarr to wear in her next picture. Hollywood girls are great faddists and will try almost anything once, so the idea may spread.

★★★ RHYTHM ON THE RIVER

Bing Crosby, Mary Martin, Basil Rathbone. (Paramount.)

IN spite of its title, this comedy musical has nothing to do with the Deep South.

Its setting is modern Broadway, and its hero and heroine are the "ghost-writers" for a popular composer.

Bing Crosby writes the music, Mary Martin writes the lyrics, and Basil Rathbone collects the honor and glory—until Bing and Mary rebel against hiding under his name.

Paramount decorates this unusual story with many hit-tunes. "Only Forever," "Rhythm on the River," and "That's For Me" will be whistled everywhere.

Paramount introduces, too, a new comedy personality in Oscar Levant—a cynical young gentleman.

For the first time, Mary Martin appears in the comedy mood which won her success on the stage. Bing is in nonchalant acting form and excellent voice. And the skill with which director Victor Schertzinger blends music, comedy, and a trifle of romance into one diverting whole helps to make the film excellent entertainment. — Prince Edward; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★★ CHRISTMAS IN JULY

Dick Powell, Ellen Drew. (Paramount.)

A POOR young clerk in a big city company goes in for every advertising contest he can. He wants to marry his sweetheart, give his mother a comfortable old age.

Then comes the glorious day when a telegram is placed on his desk—he has won £8000 in a slogan competition.

Here you have the opening of "Christmas in July," a comedy-romance which gives Dick Powell another good opportunity in straight roles.

No, I am not going to tell you what happens after he opens that telegram and whisks his fiancée, decorative Ellen Drew—around and around the scandalous office. For that is to tell the whole story.

Preston Sturges, who both wrote and directed this film, knows that he is satisfying the daydreams of every member of the audience. In Dick Powell and Ellen Drew he has a pleasantly human hero and heroine whose lightly etched adventures will find quick and sympathetic response from the public. It's an appealing little "escapist" present.—Prince Edward; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Gone With the Wind. Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in superb version of novel.—Liberty; 34th week.

★★ Spring Parade. Deanna Durbin, Robert Cummings in attractive musical comedy.—State; 2nd week.

★★ Captain Caution. Victor Mature, Louise Platt in romantic action - drama.—Century; 2nd week.

★★ The Blue Bird. Shirley Temple in charming allegory.—Embassy; 2nd week.

WARNER BROS. have bought the screen rights to "Gentle People," the gangster play in which Franchot Tone and Sylvia Sydney co-starred on Broadway last season.

John Garfield and Ann Sheridan will play the leads in the screen version. It may be hard to picture Garfield in a Franchot Tone role, but Franchot departed from his usual screen characterization in this play and appeared as a tough gangster—the type of part Garfield frequently plays on the screen.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW is taking singing and dancing lessons. He has talent in both fields, and hopes to develop into a song and dance man... quite a departure from the Little Lord Fauntleroy he was only a few years ago.

MGM has bought the screen rights of Jan Struther's successful book, "Mrs. Miniver," for Greer Garson. This series of simple sketches of English family life surprised everyone by heading straight to the top of the best-seller lists in America. To be sure of keeping the story's English flavor, the studio has given the job of writing the screen play to James Hilton and R. C. Sheriff.

PARAMOUNT executives think highly of their star, Gary Cooper. Gary asked them to buy Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and they quickly made the deal, paying down \$33,000 for the screen rights.

The lanky star spent some time with Hemingway at Sun Valley. He believes "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is Hemingway's greatest book.

AS soon as Gene Raymond completes his role in the Carole Lombard-Bob Montgomery picture, "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," he will have the male lead in "The Devil and Miss Jones," playing opposite Jean Arthur.

The picture will be produced by Jean's husband, Frank Ross, and screen-writer Norman Krasna.

MIRIAM HOPKINS, who hasn't been seen much on the screen of late, has gone back to her first love, the stage. She will be starred in an important Broadway play, called "Battle of Angels," produced by the Theatre Guild.

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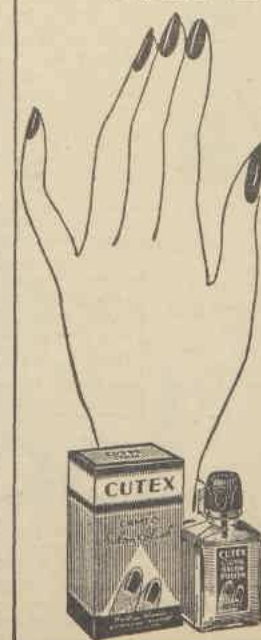
The Australian Women's Weekly

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"JUDGING by the only example of his work which I have been privileged to behold I should describe his imagination as being not only excessive, but morbid," said Randall.

Stella, who was not an admirer of her brother's decorative schemes, made no reply to this, but merely said: "Well, I'm going down again. And I may as well warn you, Randall, if the police ask me I shall tell them how I saw you coming out of uncle's bathroom."

"A very good idea," said Randall cordially. "Let us start a General Information Bureau. You can inform about me in uncle's bathroom, and I can counter with some of Guy's remarks."

"You cad!" Stella flashed. He smiled. "Do you want a truce, my sweet?"

She stood quite still, gripping the banisters, for a moment, and then, without a word, flung round on her heel and ran downstairs. Still smiling, Randall followed her at his leisure.

Mrs. Lupton had not waited for her husband to join her, but after having delivered herself of some sweeping strictures on her elder nephew's manners had left the house to attend a meeting of the local Nursing Association.

Henry Lupton had just come away from the study when Randall reached the hall, and was hovering about in an uncertain fashion near the front door.

He looked a little surprised when Stella, with the briefest of greetings, went past him into the library, but a moment later he saw Randall on the bend of the staircase, and started forward. "I want to speak to you!" he said in an urgent undertone.

"Do you?" said Randall, continuing his languid progress down the stairs.

"Yes, I do! I—" He cast a quick look behind him to be sure that Stella had shut the library door—"I want to know what you meant by the—disgracefully rude things you said to your aunt!"

"The desire evinced by so many

people of apparently normal intelligence of being informed of what they know very well already is a source of constant wonder to me," remarked Randall. "However, I'm quite willing to oblige you if you're sure you want me to."

Henry Lupton looked up at him, his own eyes strained and questioning. "What did your uncle tell you about me?" he demanded. "That's what I want to know! That Sunday before he died, when he asked you into his study, I might have known! I might have guessed he'd tell you!"

"You might, of course," agreed Randall. "Did you suppose he wouldn't?" He thought it would appeal to his sense of humor.

"I've no doubt it did," said Lupton bitterly.

"Up to a point," said Randall. "Have we now finished this discussion?"

"No. I want to know—I insist on knowing what you mean to do!"

"What I mean to do?" repeated Randall, dropping the words out disdainfully one by one. "Is it possible—is it really possible that you imagine I am going to concern myself with your utterly uninteresting love affairs?"

Lupton flushed, but his muscles seemed to relax. "I don't know. I'd believe anything of your family, anything. As for you, if you saw a chance to make mischief you'd take it!"

"In this case," said Randall unpleasantly, "it affords me purer gratification to dwell upon the thought of my dear Aunt Gertrude duped and betrayed."

"Your aunt doesn't suffer through it!"

"What a pity!" said Randall.

The balise-door at the back of the hall opened at this moment, and Miss Matthews came through carrying her replenished bowl of flowers.

"Oh, Henry! Gertrude's gone," she said. "And I must say, Randall, I think it was most uncalled-

Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 6

for, whatever it was you said to her. Not that I know what it was for I don't, and I'm sure I don't want to. And if you mean to stay to lunch I do think you might have let me know, because whatever your Aunt Zoe's ideas of housekeeping may be mine are different, and there won't be enough."

"Fortunately," said Randall, "I have no such intention."

"Well, I hope I am not inhospitable," said Miss Matthews, slightly mollified, "but I must say I'm glad to hear it. There are quite enough people to feed in this house without adding to them. I've already had to make it plain to Zoe that I'm not going to have her friends coming here to meals all day and every day, and behaving as though the drawing-room existed just for them to play bridge in."

"I KNOW very well what the idea is, and I'm not going to put up with it. The house is just as much mine as it is hers. More so, if everyone had their rights, and so is the car, and I won't have it used without her even asking me if I want it! . . . Yes, Zoe, I am talking about you, and I don't care who hears me!"

Mrs. Matthews, who, possibly attracted by her sister-in-law's voice, had come out of the library, said sweetly: "Were you, dear? Well, you can talk about me as much as you like, if you want to."

"I shall," said Miss Matthews. "And I hope you heard what I said!"

Mrs. Matthews gave her an indulgent smile. "No, dear, I'm afraid I didn't. I came to remind you that I shall want the car this afternoon, if you are sure it is quite convenient to you."

"Well, it isn't," said Miss Matthews, with ill-concealed triumph.

"Pullen has taken it to be decarbonised."

Mrs. Matthews' smile faded, and a certain rigidity stole over her face. After a slight pause she said, carefully polite: "My dear Harriet, surely you knew that I have an appointment to have my hair done this afternoon? I distinctly remember telling you about it, and asking whether you wanted the car yourself. Surely the car might have been decarbonised another day?"

"Pullen said it ought to be done," replied Miss Matthews obstinately.

Mrs. Matthews compressed her lips. There was a distinctly un-Christian light in her eyes, but she said smoothly: "I am sure you did it for the best, Harriet, but in future perhaps it would be wiser if we consulted one another before giving quite such arbitrary orders. Don't you agree?"

"No, I don't!" snapped Miss Matthews, and walked off to put her flowers down in the drawing-room.

Randall watched her go, and glanced down at Mrs. Matthews. "My poor Aunt Zoe, do you find life very trying?" he said softly.

She was looking after her sister-in-law, but at Randall's words she turned.

She met his cynical eyes, and said without a trace of annoyance in her voice: "No, Randall, not at all. When you reach my age you will have learned not to judge people harshly, my dear boy. I am very, very fond of your Aunt Harriet, and all those little idiosyncrasies which you young people are so impatient of mean just nothing to me."

"You should always try to look beneath the surface, and remember that when people do things that are not very kind there may be a very good reason for it."

"I am silenced," bowed Randall.

She came to the foot of the stairs, and laid her hand on his arm for a moment as she passed him. "Try to be more tolerant, Randall, dear," she said feelingly. "It is always such a mistake to condemn people's little follies. One should try to understand, and to help them."

She gave his arm a faint squeeze, and went on up the stairs. Randall looked anxiously at his sleeve, smoothed it, and said: "After that I feel that anything else would be in the nature of an anti-climax. I shall go home."

"Your aunt is a very sweet woman," Henry Lupton said warmly. "I admire her more than I can say."

"So do I," said Randall. "I always have."

"And I think you might at least refrain from sneering at her!"

"That," said Randall, "is the second time to-day I have been accused of sneering at my clever Aunt Zoe. I am quite guiltless, believe me. In fact, my admiration for her is growing by leaps and bounds."

Henry Lupton stared at him suspiciously, but Randall only gave a tantalising smile and walked across the hall to pick up his hat and gloves. "I suppose you'll come down for the inquest?" Lupton said.

Randall yawned. "If nothing more amusing offers, I might," he answered. "Not if it is going to be held at some unearthly hour of the morning, of course. Convey my respectful farewells to my aunts if you see them again." With which casual recommendation he strolled out of the house, leaving his uncle half-indignant and half-relieved.

Animal Antics



"Those are a portrait of grand-father."

Contrary to the expectations of his relatives he did not put in an appearance at the inquest next morning, a circumstance which caused his three aunts to form a whole-hearted if brief alliance.

Mrs. Lupton supposed him to be ashamed to look her in the face, but considered that decency should have compelled him to be present; Miss Matthews read in his absence a deliberate slight to his uncle's memory; and Mrs. Matthews, more charitable, feared that there was a callous streak in his nature, due, no doubt, to his youth.

The other members of the family all attended the inquest. Mrs. Lupton declared that she was pleased that her son-in-law had had the grace to come, whereas Agnes, looking brightly cheerful, but speaking in the hushed tones she considered suitable to the occasion, explained audibly to her mother that she had had quite a fight with Owen to get him to come, but had felt that he really ought to, if only to support her.

"I cannot see what the affair has to do with either of us," said Owen in the disagreeable voice of one dragged unwillingly from his work.

"I suppose you will permit Agnes to feel some concern in her uncle's death?" said Mrs. Lupton austere.

Owen, who never embarked on an argument with his mother-in-law, merely replied: "I can see no reason why I should be called upon to waste an entire morning over it," and moved away to a seat as far removed from her as possible.

When he discovered that Randall was not present he gave a short laugh, and said: "Wise man! The only effect of which was to make his wife say with unimpaired jollity that Owen was always cross in the mornings."

Mrs. Rumbold, beside whom Owen had seated himself, said in a confidential voice: "It is kind of horrid, isn't it? I mean, knowing poor Mr. Matthews, and all."

Owen looked round at her with the instinctive distrust of a shy man accosted by a stranger, and said: "Quite," in a stiff voice.

Mrs. Rumbold smiled dazlingly. "You don't remember me, do you? Well, I'm sure I don't know why you should! My name's Rumbold. We knew poor Mr. Matthews very well. We live next door, you know."

Please turn to page 30

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A.I.F. UNITS march fanwise over the desert to minimise the effects of possible bombing.



A.I.F. SIGNALLERS at work in Western Desert. First units mentioned as being in action were transport and signals personnel, now joined in full force by their Anzac comrades.



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—Dept. of Information photos.



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MARSHAL RODOLFO GRAZIANI, Italy's field commander in Western Desert

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title of Marquis of Neghelli in that campaign. The Abyssinians put 38 wounds in him with bombs and he massacred them in hundreds in return. Earlier in his career he won the title of "Scourge of Libya" by his pitiless subjugation there. His family motto is: "An enemy forgiven is more dangerous than a thousand foes."

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GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD WAVELL, Britain's Commander-in-chief in Middle East

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have been given their long-anticipated chance to strike at the enemy. Wavell is 57. He is the son of a general, married a colonel's daughter, combines traditional Sandhurst training with a belief that victory comes to those who fight with daring and decision. Like Nelson, he lost one eye fighting, and wears a monocle.

The Case of HENRY H.



CASE: No. 55429 Age: 29
NAME: Henry James H. Bank Clerk.
OCCUPATION: Bank Clerk.
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O WEN blushed, and half rose from his seat to shake hands. "Oh, of course! I'm sorry, I'm afraid I'm very bad at remembering faces. How do you do? Er—very nice of you to come."

"Well, we sort of felt we had to," whispered Mrs. Rumbold. "I must say I'm not one for this sort of thing myself, but those two poor old dears wanted Ned—that's my husband—to come, so here we are. Ned doesn't think anything much will happen, though."

"Nothing at all, I should imagine," replied Owen, dwelling fondly on the thought of Mrs. Matthews' emotions could she but have heard herself described as a poor old dear.

"We're not the only people outside the family here, that's one thing," remarked Mrs. Rumbold. "Half Grinley seems to have turned up. Just curiosity, if you ask me. Oh, there's Dr. Fielding come in! Well, he doesn't look as if he was worrying much, I must say."

"No reason why he should," said Owen.

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Rumbold doubtfully. "I mean, he didn't seem to know Mr. Matthews had been poisoned, and him a doctor. Ned keeps on telling me no one can blame him, but what I say is, if he's a doctor he ought to have known. Don't you agree?"

"Really, I don't understand these matters," replied Owen, who, though not particularly observant, had by this time taken in not only Mrs. Rumbold's blue eyelashes, but also her arresting picture hat, with its trail of huge pink roses, and was in consequence feeling acutely self-conscious at being seen with anyone so spectacular.

He said something about wanting to have a word with his father-in-law, and retreated to a place beside Henry Lupton just as the Coroner came into court.

The inquest, in the opinions of those people who had come to it in the hopes of witnessing a thrilling drama, was most disappointing. The butler was called first, and described how he had found his master's body on the morning of the 15th May. Very few questions were asked him, and he soon stood down to give place to Dr. Fielding.

It was generally felt that the proceedings were now going to become more interesting, and a little stir ran through the court-room as the doctor got up. Several women thought that he looked very handsome, and one or two people confided to their neighbors, very much as Mrs. Rumbold had done, that he looked as cool as a cucumber.

He was indeed perfectly self-possessed, and gave his evidence with easy assurance, and no waste of words. Questioned he admitted that he had not discovered, upon a cursory examination, anything about the body incompatible with his first verdict of death from syncope. He became rather technical, and one-half of his audience thought: Well, even doctors can't know everything; while the other half adhered to its belief that doctors ought to know everything.

Questioned further, Fielding gave a still more technical description of the cardiac trouble for which he had been treating the deceased. When asked what circumstances had led him to communicate his patient's death to the Coroner he said at

Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 26

once: "The dissatisfaction expressed by a member of the family with my diagnosis."

This reply, delivered though it was in a calm voice, caused another stir to run through the court-room. It was felt that the details of some shocking family scandal were at any moment going to come to light, and when Mrs. Lupton got up to give her evidence everyone stared at her hopefully, and waited in pent silence to hear what she was going to divulge.

But Mrs. Lupton, who made nearly as good a witness as the doctor, divulged nothing. She knew of no reason why her brother should have been poisoned; simply she had felt that his death had not been due to natural causes. No, she did not think she could explain why she had had this feeling. It had attacked her forcibly on sight of her brother's dead body. Her instinct was seldom at fault.

"What did I tell you?" whispered Sergeant Hemingway to the Superintendent.

Mrs. Lupton sat down amid a general feeling of disappointment. People eyed the rest of the Matthews family, wondering which of them would next be called. The Coroner said something to the Clerk, and Superintendent Hannayde finally annihilated all hope in the breasts of the curious by getting up and asking for an adjournment pending police inquiries.

This was granted, and there was nothing left for the disgusted spectators to do except go home, and indulge their imaginations in a good deal of fruitless surmise.

Owen Crewe, threading his way out of the court-room in the wake of his wife, said into her ear: "I told you you were wasting your time," and began to feel much more amiable, and forbore to snub Janet when she squeezed her way up to him and announced that she was so thankful nothing more had happened.

Once outside the building he firmly declined an invitation to lunch with his mother-in-law, told his wife that while she might do as she pleased he had every intention of returning to town, and walked off purposefully to where he had parked his car. Agnes would have liked to have talked it all over with her mother, but as her ideal of matrimony was founded largely on the theory that wives should whenever possible accompany their husbands she bade her family a regretful farewell and went dutifully away with Owen.

Miss Matthews, who had attended the inquest armed with a shopping-basket and a list of groceries, darted off in the direction of the High Street; and Mrs. Matthews, leaning slightly on her son's arm, smiled wanly on those of her acquaintance whom she happened to notice, and proclaimed her utter spiritual exhaustion.

"I feel," she said in a solemn voice, "that I must have just a little interval of quiet. Stella dear, I wonder if you can see Pullen anywhere?"

"Yes, he's waiting on the other side of the square," said Stella. "Tell him to bring the car here, dearest. Oh, he has seen us!" She

turned to bestow one expensively gloved hand on Edward Rumbold. "I haven't thanked you for coming," she said feelingly. "It was wonderful to know that one has a friend at one's side during such a terrible ordeal! Is it foolish of me to be so sensitive? To me it was an agony of the spirit. All those hundreds of eyes, fixed on one!"

She shuddered, held Mr. Rumbold's hand an instant longer, and then released it. "If only one could feel that one had left all the unpleasantness behind in that stuffy court!"

"You must try not to let it upset you," said Edward Rumbold kindly. "Of course it's all very distressing for you, and we're very sorry about it."

She gave a faint, brave smile. "I can't talk of it now," she said. "When I have had time to collect my thoughts... Will you come in and see us a little later on? At tea-time, perhaps?"

"Yes, I'll come if you want me, of course," he replied. "But—"

"Oh, do!" said Stella suddenly. "It's too ghastly when there's no one but family in the house."

He could not help laughing. "After that highly flattering invitation, how could I refuse?" he said teasingly.

"Well, I didn't mean it quite like that," she admitted. "And of course you'll bring Mrs. Rumbold, too."

"Darling," said Mrs. Matthews reproachfully, "that goes without saying, as Mr. Rumbold knows."

Whether Mr. Rumbold knew it or not, he did not bring his wife to tea at the Poplars, but explained to Stella, who met him half-way down the drive, that she had another engagement.

"I don't blame her," said Stella candidly. "Ours is a God-forsaken household. And to make things worse we've been sending off reporters all day. They've been simply clustering about the place, and of course mother let herself be interviewed, so goodness only knows what we shall see in the papers tomorrow."

"NONSENSE, you're letting yourself feel all this too much, Stella."

"I can't help it," she replied, falling into step beside him. "It has absolutely got me down. Oh, well, you pretty well know, don't you? It isn't only uncle's death: it's Aunt Harriet as well. I don't hold any brief for Mummy—"

"Then you should," interposed Rumbold.

"Well, I know perfectly well she can be most frightfully annoying," said Stella defensively. "But actually what I was going to say when you most rudely interrupted me was that though I don't hold any brief for Mummy I do think Aunt Harriet is treating her awfully badly. She does every blessed thing she can think of to put a spoke in Mummy's wheel, and if Mummy so much as moves a table half an inch out of its usual place she kicks up a row, and says she ought to have been consulted."

Edward Rumbold was silent for a moment, but he said presently: "I shouldn't let that worry me too much if I were you. Both your mother and your aunt are very much on edge, and—well, they are both of them disappointed at not being left in sole possession of the house, aren't they?"

The twinkle in his eyes was reflected in Stella's. "I should think they jolly well are!" she said.

"Yes, well, you must give them time to get over that," he advised. "You'll probably find that they'll settle down quite comfortably in the end."

"I hope they may," said Stella. "I only know that I'm definitely not going on living here as things are at present. Aunt Harriet's all right with Guy, but she doesn't like me, and doesn't leave me alone for a minute. Everything I do is bound to be wrong. I told Mummy last night I couldn't stick it much longer."

He looked concerned, but said cheerfully: "Well, you won't have to, will you? When are you going to get married?"

She did not answer at once, and when she did it was in a studiously offhand tone. "Oh, not for a year, anyway! We never meant to get married this year, you know, and now that all this has happened we both think we ought to put it off at least till everything's been cleared up and the whole affair's faded from people's minds."

HE took hold of her wrist, and made her stand still. "My dear child, there's nothing wrong, is there?"

"Oh, good lord, no!" said Stella. "As a matter of fact, it was my idea that we'd better wait a bit. I practically insisted on it, because there's Deryk's practice to be considered, and—and if we've got a murderer in the family he might like to think twice about marrying into it."

"Not if he's a decent chap," Rumbold said.

"Well, naturally, he didn't say that. But he does quite agree with me about not plunging into marriage until things have blown over. What I want to do is to share a tiny flat with a girl I knew at school. She's taken up dress-designing, and I thought I might get some sort of a job, too. Do you think I'd be any good as a mannequin?"

"No, I don't," he replied. "What does your mother say about it?"

"Oh, she's against it, of course, but I expect she'll come round to it in time. She had to admit that it's pretty frightful at home now, but I got fed-up because she would keep on moaning about it being far worse for her than for Guy and me."

They had reached the house by this time, and were met in the hall by Miss Matthews, who greeted Mr. Rumbold effusively, and bore him off to the drawing-room, so that she could have a little talk with him alone, before her sister-in-law came downstairs from her room.

This scheme, however, was doomed to failure, because Mrs. Matthews had elected to curtail her afternoon rest, and was already seated on the sofa in the drawing-room, with a small piece of fancywork in her hands, and a cigarette burning in an ashtray beside her.

Miss Matthews, thoroughly put out, at once exclaimed that the room reeked of smoke, and rushed to open all the windows. Mrs. Matthews paid not the slightest heed to this act of hostility, but rose and shook hands with Edward Rumbold, and invited him to sit beside her on the sofa.

The door then opened to admit Beecher, carrying the tea-tray, and as there was a sharp wind blowing, the window-curtains all flapped inwards, a vase of flowers was knocked over, and the butler was only just in time to save the door from slamming to behind him.

This misadventure forced Miss Matthews to shut the windows again, which annoyed her, and by the time the water from the flower vase had been mopped up, the vase restored to its place, and Guy had walked in and demanded to know what all the commotion was about, her temper had reached a dangerous pitch, and even vented itself on Guy, who was usually immune from attack.

It was at this quite inauspicious moment that the door opened again, and Randall, looking like a symphony in brown, came languidly into the room.

To the outside observer the effect caused by Randall's entrance could not be anything but comic. Mr. Edward Rumbold, after one swift glance round the assembled company, became afflicted suddenly by a cough which made it necessary to shade his mouth with his hand for several moments. Mrs. Matthews' sweet smile vanished abruptly; Miss Matthews broke off short in the middle of what she was saying and glared at Randall; and Guy said: "Oh, good Lord!" as though his endurance was at an end.

Randall looked round with a glint in his eyes, and said affably: "How nice it is to see you all looking so happy and comfortable!"

"What do you want?" said Guy disagreeably.

"Guy dearest!" said his mother, mildly reproving.

"Ah, how do you do?" said Randall, shaking hands with Edward Rumbold. "I'm quite delighted to see you. I was afraid I should find unadulterated family. Do not trouble to ring the bell, dear Aunt Harriet: Beecher knows I am here."

"I wasn't going to!" said Miss Matthews, quivering with annoyance. "I'm sure I don't know why you've elected to come here. I noticed that you didn't trouble yourself to come to the inquest."

"No, I thought it would be much kinder to let you tell me all about it," said Randall, drawing up his chair, and carefully hitching up his trousers before sitting down in it.

"I don't want to discuss it in any way, least of all with you!" snapped Miss Matthews.

Please turn to page 31

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CORNWELL'S

PURE MALT VINEGAR

IN QUARTS AND PINTS

Behold, Here's Poison

"REALLY?" said Randall incredulously. "And to think I nearly refrained from visiting you to-day for fear I should find you all talking about the inquest in that peculiarly reiterative way you have!"

"If you had one spark of decent feeling, Randall, you would have been present at the inquest!" said Miss Matthews, moving the cups about with a good deal of clatter. "Not that I expected it. I've given up expecting you to behave in anything but a thoroughly selfish manner. Just like your uncle! Though you're not the only person I could mention who thinks of no one but themselves. I name no names, but those whom the cap fits can wear it," she added darkly.

Mrs. Matthews intervened at this point, and said in a grave voice: "Isn't this a little undignified? When one thinks that only a week ago death visited this house, doesn't it seem to you that we should all of us try to turn our minds away from petty squabbles to something higher and better?"

Guy made an impatient movement, and strode away to the window, and stood with his back to the room, fidgeting with the blind-cord. "Certainly, my dear aunt!" said Randall, who had listened to her with an air of courteous interest. "Let us by all means try! But you must suggest the subject. No one else is nearly so fit."

"I think each one of us could think of something if we tried," said Mrs. Matthews gently. "Even you, Randall."

"I can tell you a story about a golfer who went to heaven," said Randall, "but I'm afraid that exhausts my repertoire of higher and better things."

"If you are trying to shock me, Randall, I can only assure you that I am not shocked, but only very sad to think that you can joke about things which to me are sacred."

"Aunt Zoe," said Randall, "you never disappoint me."

Edward Rumbold felt that it was time to intervene. He said: "The younger generation are most of them distressingly irreverent, Mrs. Matthews. I met a sweet young thing the other day who propounded the most startling views." He drifted easily into anecdote, and succeeded in diverting not only Mrs. Matthews, but Harriet Matthews as well.

Guy came away from the window as Mr. Rumbold's story ended, and began to hand round the tearups. Stella entered the room almost immediately, nodded to Randall, and sat down on a floor cushion by her mother.

Randall regarded her with a pained expression. "My little love, do you not see that I am present? Have you no exclamation of mingled dismay and loathing to greet me with?"

"I saw your car in the drive, so I knew what to expect," retorted Stella. "I suppose you've come to hear about the inquest. The police asked for an adjournment, so we're just where we were before."

"If they're wise they'll give it up," said Guy. "No one'll ever know the truth. Don't you think they'll chuck it fairly soon, Mr. Rumbold?"

"I don't know, Guy. It depends how much they've got to go on."

"They haven't got anything. Aunt Harriet saw to that," said Guy, with a little laugh.

"I'm sure if I'd ever dreamed there was going to be such a fuss made over my clearing up poor Gregory's things I wouldn't have touched one of them!" said Miss Matthews agitatedly. "Anyone would think I did it on purpose! No one told me I ought not to, and my motto is, 'If a job has to be done sometime, do it at once!' Besides, there wasn't anything that could possibly have had poison in it, as I told the Superintendent. 'If you think there's poison in a bottle of iodine and a packet of corn-plaster,' I said, 'you can take them and see for yourself.'"

"And did he take them?" inquired Mr. Rumbold.

Miss Matthews sniffed. "Yes. Such nonsense! I could understand him wanting to take the salts and the liver-pills, but I've yet to hear of anyone drinking iodine. Anyway, I gave him everything I took out of poor Gregory's medicine-chest, and I only hope he's satisfied."

"But my dear Miss Matthews, what did you do with your brother's personal effects?" asked Rumbold.

"I didn't do anything with them!" she replied hotly. "I left all his clothes, and his ivory brushes, and his watch and chain, and things tidily put away in his wardrobe. The only things I threw away were things like his sponges, which were no good to anybody. And if the police want to see them I'm extremely sorry, but they went into the boiler with all the rest of the rubbish!"

"I see," said Rumbold. "A sort of clean sweep."

"Well, what was the use of keeping a lot of things no one could ever use?" demanded Miss Matthews.

"Next I suppose I shall be blamed for having the room swept!"

"My dear, I don't think anyone blames you," said Mrs. Matthews.

"You couldn't know. After all, we none of us dreamed there was any truth in Gertrude's suspicions. And if perhaps you quite unwittingly burned something which contained the poison, do you know I am almost glad. Nothing can bring Gregory back to us, and isn't it better that we should remain in ignorance?"

"We seem to be likely to," muttered Guy.

Stella was frowning. "No!" she said. "If he was poisoned we've got to know who did it. Good heavens, how could we go on when we know that one of us is a murderer?"

"How dare you, Stella!" gasped her aunt.

"But it's true!" persisted Stella. "That's what's so ghastly. You don't seem to see it, but can't you realize that if the police don't discover who did it, we shall wonder which of us it was all our lives?"

"Morbidity!" said Guy. "I'd a lot sooner wonder than have a foul scandal, anyway."

"Would you?" said Stella, looking up at him with a vague horror in her eyes. "When it might have been me, or even Mummy?"

"Oh, don't talk such drivel!" said Guy roughly.

Mrs. Matthews gave a little laugh and dropped her hand on to Stella's shoulder. "My darling, you mustn't let your imagination run away with you quite so fast!"

"But the fact remains that she has

Continued from page 30

spoken nothing but the truth," said Randall. "I congratulate you, Stella."

Mrs. Matthews met his look with one very nearly as limpid. "I'm afraid I can't agree with you, my dear Randall. Stella was speaking in that exaggerated way which I've so often deplored. I hope that she wouldn't suspect her mother or her brother of having committed such a terrible crime any more than I could ever suspect either of my children."

"I think you are all of you making a mistake," said Edward Rumbold. "There's no reason to suppose that Matthews was murdered by any one of you. Are you so sure that there was no one outside his family who could have done it?"

Guy stared at him. "Who on earth?" he asked bluntly.

"I don't know, but I think that if I were you I would rather believe that it must have been an outsider than make myself ill with quite groundless suspicions of my own people," said Rumbold gently, but with a look that sent the blood rushing to Guy's cheeks.

"I'd rather have it cleared up," said Stella decidedly.

Rumbold said, smiling down at her: "Well, that's a sure sign you don't really wonder whether your mother or your brother committed the crime," he said.

"I never heard of such a thing!" said Miss Matthews. "Oh, you're not going, Mr. Rumbold? Why, you've barely finished your tea!"

"He is probably going to supplement it elsewhere," remarked Randall. "And I'm sure I don't blame him," he added, casting a glance at the somewhat meagrely furnished cake-stand. "There is a certain Lenten spirit clinging to my dear Aunt Harriet's tea-parties which only the few know how to appreciate."

Stella gave a giggle, and even Mrs. Matthews bit her lip. Harriet Matthews sat bolt upright in her chair and said: "I did not ask you to tea here, Randall, and I did not ask Mr. Rumbold either, though I am always glad to see him, as I hope he knows. And if he finds my tea insufficient—"

"Thank you, thank you, but I have had an excellent tea!" Rumbold said hastily. "You know how much I like those little scones of yours, Miss Matthews. I tell my wife she never gives me anything half as good. Now, please don't any of you disturb yourselves! I can find my way out."

In obedience to a glance from his mother Guy put down his plate and got up. But Randall also had risen, and waved Guy back to his chair. "Don't lose your chance of the last slice of cake," he said. "You, after all, are going to dine here. I will show Mr. Rumbold out." He moved to the door as he spoke, and opened it, and held it for the elder man to pass through.

"There's really no need for you to bother," said Rumbold, picking up his hat from the hall-table.

"It is a pleasure," replied Randall. "The society of my relatives can only be enjoyed with frequent intervals."

Rumbold looked at him, half in amusement, half in reproof. "Why do you come if you feel like that?" he asked. "If you'll forgive my saying so, your presence isn't exactly conducive to peace."

"No, but don't you think it's nice for them to have someone to vent their feelings on?" said Randall in his most urbane voice. "They are all of them just a trifle on edge, as you may have noticed."

"It's an extraordinarily unpleasant situation for them," replied Rumbold seriously.

Randall strolled with him out of the house. "Oh, extraordinarily," he agreed. "Did anything of interest transpire at the inquest?"

"Nothing at all. The police asked for an adjournment as soon as Mrs. Lupton had given her evidence."

"Considering all things, that was to be expected," said Randall. "I take it that our engaging young doctor figured largely?"

"He was one of the witnesses, yes. I thought he made a very good one."

"He probably would," said Randall. "And did everyone seem quite satisfied with his evidence?"

"Quite. There was no reason why they shouldn't be, you know. He behaved perfectly properly throughout."

"Yes, I noticed that," said Randall. "Not one to lose his head, our ambitious doctor."

The sneer was thinly veiled. Rumbold hesitated, and then said: "I won't pretend not to know what you're hinting at, but why do you do it? Have you anything against Fielding?"

Please turn to page 32

Radio plans for the coming year

★ Longer feature programmes ★

Commercial broadcasting in Australia during 1940 saw many innovations. What will we see in 1941?

In the opinion of the general manager of 2GB, Mr. H. G. Horner, the new year will bring an even greater development of bigger programmes than we saw in 1940.

"THE past year has been noticeable principally for the development of the half-hour, as distinct from the quarter-hour, as a unit of entertainment," Mr. Horner told The Australian Women's Weekly. "We believe that next year will see more and more half-hour and more and more one-hour presentations."

"The Sunday night presentation of the Radio Theatre two years ago was one of the landmarks in broadcast history, and one of the most interesting developments of 1940 was the inauguration of the 'Australia's Amateur Hour' as a second 60-minute presentation in commercial radio."

"Equally important from the standpoint of entertainment was the birth of 'The Youth Show,' 'Ask the Army' and 'Omar Khayyam—And All That,' which, with 'World-Famous Tenors' and 'Reflections in a Wine Glass,' definitely established the half-hour presentation equally in listener popularity."

"Finally, arrangements now have been made to broadcast 'The Toast is England,' a half-hour presentation—which, in our opinion, is one of the most inspiring productions ever broadcast in this or any other country."

"Arrangements have been made for the early broadcasting of two additional half-hour programmes of a type quite new to broadcasting in Australia."

"One, 'The Radio Revue,' which will commence on January 20 (it will be heard on Mondays at 8.30 p.m.), will feature the four most popular recorded artists in the world in a special presentation; while the second programme, 'Pro Bono Publico,' will add a new touch of variety to the air."

"To-day, as never before, the broadcast industry has an obligation to fulfil—an obligation to play a full part in building and sustaining public morale. So long as a community can laugh and sing; so long as a nation, which carries the burden of war can carry also a smile on its lips and a song in its heart, then that nation must survive."



EARLY IN THE EVENING?

Sleepy after meals? Jaded early in the evening? Irritable, nervy? Have headaches and occasional pains in the back and legs? Sallow skin, dull eyes?

All signs of constipation.

You are "regular"? Many who are regular have constipation without knowing it. Their elimination is not complete. So poisons get into the bloodstream, and they feel vaguely below par.

For this condition there is an honest prescription. Doctors recommend it unhesitatingly because it is not a patent medicine. The analysis is printed on every bottle, so doctors know what they are prescribing. It is not a drug, and the dosage is so small it cannot form a habit.

For half a century it has been doing people good. Like many doctors' prescriptions it is basically and unalterably right. Unaffected by change, which is not always progress, or by fashion, which is mostly sad. Take it and you will find your step lighter and your mind brighter and your energy greater. In a word—

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Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 31

"I FIND him entirely insupportable," replied Randall calmly.

"That may make you wish to suspect him, but it is hardly a reason for doing so," said Rumbold.

"I stand rebuked," bowed Randall. They had reached the gate by this time. Rumbold turned, and held out his hand. "Well, I don't know that I actually meant to rebuke you," he said, "but I am a much older man than you are, Matthews, and perhaps you will allow me to advise you not to drop that sort of remark in your cousin's hearing. For one thing it isn't particularly kind, and for another I have an idea that she's got quite enough to worry her in that quarter without having anything added."

Randall's eyes opened wide. Edward Rumbold was momentarily startled by their curious brilliance, and could not be sure that the expression they held was a pleasant one. The next instant insolent lids had drooped over them again. "Is that so?" Randall said. "I am quite in your debt."

He wended his way back to the house, and entered the drawing-room to find his two aunts, their own differences forgotten for the moment, engaged in extolling the virtues of their late guest, and deploring the vulgarity of his wife.

"Such a cultured man!" sighed Mrs. Matthews. "One cannot help wondering—"

—what he saw in her," cut in Stella. "He saw a pretty face, and a kind heart."

"That hat!" shuddered Mrs. Matthews. "The most sinister shade of pink! And at her age, too!"

"Most unsuitable," agreed Miss Matthews. "Not at all the sort of hat to wear at an inquest. I was quite shocked."

Stella got up from her floor-cushion, and moved away to the other end of the room. The two elder ladies continued their stimulating conversation, and by the time they had agreed that the sole reason why Mr. Rumbold, who must really be extremely wealthy (because all wool-exporters were), should live in quite a moderate-sized house, like Holly Lodge, was that his wife was probably only accustomed to a Council house, perfect harmony reigned between them, to vanish abruptly, however, upon Mrs. Matthews ringing the bell to have the tea-things cleared away.

This made it necessary for Miss Matthews immediately to pour herself out another cup, and as it was not only overpoweringly strong, but also tepid, her temper became once more impaired, and the respective perfections and imperfections of Edward and Dolly Rumbold were forgotten in her own ranking grievances.

Guy, who seemed unable to occupy himself in any rational way, made another attempt to find out from Randall what line the police were following. Randall professed complete ignorance, and when Guy showed a disposition to pursue the subject, got up with a world-weary air and quite firmly took his leave.

No one evinced any desire to accompany him to the front door, so he strolled out by himself, and had got into his car and switched on the engine when he suddenly perceived Dr. Fielding striding up the drive towards the house. Randall watched him, a singularly unpleasant expression in his eyes, and after a moment switched his engine off again. By the time the doctor came abreast the saturnine look had vanished, and the thin lips curled into the semblance of a smile.

"Ah, how do you do, doctor?" Randall drawled, and drew off one wash-leather glove and extended his hand.

Fielding did not look particularly pleased to see him, but he shook hands, and said that it was some time since they had met. "I missed you at the inquest," he remarked.

"That was hardly surprising," said Randall. "I wasn't there."

"Oh, weren't you?" said Fielding. "No," said Randall. "I thought it would be dull, and probably vulgar. But I'm sorry I didn't hear your evidence," he added politely. "I understand you provided the start-up of an otherwise mediocre performance."

"Indeed!" The doctor looked at him somewhat warily. "In what way, I wonder?"

"In your demeanor, my dear doctor, which I understand to have been little short of noble. And in your testimony, of course, which I'm sure was masterly."

Fielding drew in his breath.

"You're too kind. I am not unaccustomed to giving evidence in my professional capacity."

"But in such difficult circumstances!" said Randall. "And so many witnesses show a lamentable tendency to lose their heads. Not that I expected you to do that, I need scarcely say."

"Thank you," said Fielding, with heavy irony. "There was no reason why I should lose my head."

"No," agreed Randall, "everything seems to have been conducted in the polite way. No awkward questions asked, no nerve-racking cross-examination. I have always felt that to be cross-examined would be enough to shake the stoutest nerve."

"Let us hope then that you will never be called upon to face such an ordeal," said Fielding.

"That is very nice of you, and seems to call for a like response," said Randall. "I can do no less than hope that you will not be called upon to face it either."

"I am not much alarmed by the prospect," replied Fielding with a slight smile. "If this business comes to a trial I shall naturally have to appear."

Randall shook his head. "It has all been most unlucky," he remarked. "For the murderer, I mean. Who could have supposed that my dear Aunt Gertrude would have been the instrument chosen to upset one of the nearest murders of the century?"

"I could wish for the family's sake that the truth had never come to

"Oh, yes," said Fielding. "Your uncle mentioned it once some time ago. He said that you were a most promising student, but that you abandoned the career when your father died."

"And have you passed this information on to the police?" asked Randall.

"No," said Fielding. "I did not consider it any business of mine."

Randall leaned forward, and switched on his engine again. "Well, you should," he said. "Superintendent Hannassey would love it."

Fielding shrugged. "Oh, I've no wish to make mischief," he said.

Randall gave a little croon of mirth. "You flatter yourself, my dear doctor, really you do! Pass on your information: it will brighten the Superintendent's dull life, and it won't hurt me."

"In that case, why should I bother?" said Fielding, and with a nod of farewell turned and walked on to the house.

His errand was to warn its inmates against making any statement to the Press. He had returned from his afternoon round to find his own house besieged with reporters, and in consequence he was in no very pleasant mood. Finding his fiancée inclined to treat the peril of the Press as a minor matter, he said somewhat tartly that he wished she would consider his position a little. Mrs. Matthews, wearing a worldly-wise smile, at once assured him that he had nothing to fear.

"I saw one of the reporters myself," she said gravely. "And I think I made him understand how we all feel about it. I talked to him—words seemed to be sent to me—and I think he realised, and was ashamed."

Guy said uneasily: "I say, mother, you didn't give them any sort of statement, did you?"

"Dear boy, haven't I told you that I didn't?"

Guy said no more, but the doctor, when Stella saw him off, said: "Really, Stella, I do think you might have prevented your mother seeing that fellow! If you don't object to publicity, I do. This case is doing me quite enough harm as it is."

"I expect," said Stella, in a small, very steady voice, "it does you harm to be known to be engaged to me, doesn't it?"

"It's no use discussing that," said Fielding. "I don't suppose it does me much good, but it can't be helped."

"It might be," said Stella, raising her eyes to his face.

"My dear girl, please don't think I'm trying to back out of it," he said.

Guy came out into the hall at that moment, so the conversation had to be suspended. Guy was as uneasy as the doctor, and said that he wouldn't mind betting that his mother had talked a lot of ghastly hot air to the reporter.

His mistrust of her was justified. Next morning the "Daily Reflector" carried a fat, black headline on its front page, a photograph of the Poplars, and another (inset) of Mrs. Matthews stepping out of the courtroom after the inquest. When Guy came down to breakfast he found his aunt and sister with no fewer than four picture papers, indignantly reading extracts aloud to each other.

"Murdered Man's Sister-in-law in Suburban Poison Drama Refuses to Discuss Mystery Death," read Stella in an awed voice. "We think it wiser to say nothing," says Mrs. Zoe Matthews, the graceful dark-haired widow concerned in the mysterious poisoning case at Grinley Heath which is baffling the Scotland Yard experts. Mummy will love that bit. Guy, look at the photograph of Mummy! I ask you!"

Guy, quite pale with dismay, came hurriedly across the room to look over his aunt's shoulder at the offending paragraph. "One has to remember that life goes on . . . irreparable loss . . . as much a mystery to us as to Scotland Yard . . . Good lord, she can't have said all this muck!"

"Of course she said it!" snapped Miss Matthews. "It's just the sort of rubbish I should expect her to talk. There was a great bond between my poor brother-in-law and me! . . . oh, was there? And not one word about what my feelings are! . . . 'Calm and self-possessed.' . . . Self-possessed! Brazen would be nearer the mark! Oh, I've no patience with it!"

To be continued

Should we pass unwanted gifts to other friends?

I DO not agree with Mrs. Biddlecombe (7/12/40), who says we should give away unwanted gifts. The gifts were given to us in a loving, goodwill spirit, and to pass them on to someone else seems an abuse of the affection of the giver.

We should value the gifts for the thought that prompted their giving.

Mrs. R. Jukes, 2 Acacia St., Ripponlea 84, Vic.

Breach of goodwill

THE practice of passing on "unwanted" presents is rather a breach of friendship.

One usually spends time and thought in selecting a gift for a friend, and to think that it may be casually "passed on" isn't very pleasing.

So, I say, accept gifts graciously. Even if they are unserviceable, they still have a sentimental value.

Miss Maisie Constance, c/o P.O., Hurstville, N.S.W.

Keep a list

ONE who plans to give away unacceptable gifts should either have a very good memory or keep a list of donors and dates.

It is anything but pleasant to be



IMAGINE the shock of receiving a present which you gave away last year.

given back the gift one took such pains to make a year before.

Mrs. P. Monaghan, Minnamurra St., Kiama, N.S.W.

More practical

WE should certainly pass on unsuitable presents.

I have some lovely presents sent from America which are most unsuitable for me.

I pass them on to a friend, who gives me powder, cream or handkerchiefs in return.

I do not think it is out of place for friends to ask "What would you like for Christmas?"

Mrs. D. Blair, Alderley Ave., Alderley NW2, Brisbane.

So They Say

ENGLISHWOMAN GRATEFUL

I AM sure I am speaking for all other mothers in England when I say how much I thought of the letter written by Mrs. Young, of Willoughby, N.S.W., indicating how warmly Australians would welcome children from England.

Some friends of mine sent a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly to England to me, and when I finished with it I sent it to an Australian soldier.

I hope that all the children lucky enough to be sent to Australia will appreciate it. Mothers here are indeed glad to think that their sons and daughters are safe in their new homes.

Mrs. R. Peckover, 60 Meadway, South Yardley, Birmingham 36, England.

LARGE FAMILIES BETTER

LET me say a word in favor of the large family which now seems very rare.

Large families do not necessarily limit the advancement of the members. Ask our prominent business men, many of whom themselves came from large families. They had energy and initiative, and so they succeeded in life.

Large families provide companionship. At an early age the children learn the lesson of give-and-take, and are taught to share alike. Whoever saw a spoiled child in a large family? On the other hand, the "spoiled brat" is a common feature of the small family. The mother of many children simply hasn't the time to spoil them. Also large families mean fewer neurotic mothers consulting doctors over imaginary ailments. They are too busy to worry about themselves.

T. Pitt, Robe St., Grange, Brisbane.

GIVE FLOWERS

WHY are so many people so mean over a few flowers?

I have seen beautiful roses allowed to die on the plants when many people would have been made happy with a few of them.

It does the plants good to have the flowers removed, and they soon burst into bloom again.

Mrs. K. Green, 164 Grosvenor Rd., North Perth.

WANTED--A NEW APPELLATION

WHY do men use such inelegant descriptions for the girls with whom they are friendly, but to whom they are not yet engaged?

The "girl-friend" most widely used is immature.

The "woman friend" raises doubts as to her youth; the "lady friend" bestows exaggerated graces.

The "young lady" has a patronising tone, and the "girl companion" is quite inadequate.

The use of her surname, "Miss So-and-So," is too detached, and "sweetheart" too intimate.

Can readers offer a solution?

Mrs. C. Fischer, Bank St., Alderley, Brisbane.

Birth-rate falls yet dogs are pampered

WOMEN definitely attach too much importance to dogs (Miss O'Connor, 7/12/40) and are stupid about them.

It would be far better if they were interested in children's welfare. If they have not any of their own they could work for some of the orphanages or hospitals where children would benefit.

The birth-rate is declining all over the world, but you see many women leading dogs about the streets and giving them special seats in cars.

Mrs. M. Henderson, 27 Minna St., Burwood, N.S.W.

Effect, not cause

PERSONALLY I regard the extra fuss made nowadays of dogs as a consequence of the falling birth-rate, not as one of its causes.

Most young married people look forward to having babies. Sometimes fear of insecurity makes them afraid to have a large family.

Insecurity is one of the evils of our social system. When we remove this fear the birth-rate will automatically rise, and Miss O'Connor, dogs will be relegated to their proper place.

Mrs. E. Austin, P.O., Kalgoorlie, W.A.

"War spinsters" case

"WAR spinsters" must find something on which to expend their affection, and babies being denied them they fondle dogs.

If they can't have babies to look after they can have dogs, which are not so expensive, or perhaps spinsters might consider adoption.

Miss Joyce Hope, 18a Ness Ave., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Don't overdo it

YOU cannot blame women for being fond of dogs, Miss O'Connor.

I think it is reasonable to give your pet dog good attention. What worries me about dog-lovers, however, is their habit of talking to and attracting the attention of other people's dogs on leads.

It always strikes me as highly embarrassing for all concerned, and an intrusion on the dog owner's privacy.

Miss A. Rankin, Swan St., Hobart.

Cheap to keep

IT costs but 6/- a year and a few bones to keep a dog, and nature provides him with his clothes.

Maybe when babies become as economical they will become "the vague," but with the present cost of living, not to mention the chaotic state of world affairs, it seems best to let the dog have his day.

Mrs. C. Dale, P.O., Mildura, Vic.

HOMEWORK

THIS homework problem! I meet it every evening of the week, and have looked at it from both angles.

If there is sufficient work given by the teacher it keeps the pupil employed and reasonably interested instead of getting into mischief in small or large ways. I have seen children of school age who have no lessons at night making absolute nuisances of themselves.

Then there is the other side. When I see children sitting and sometimes weeping over piles of homework in front of them I begin to wonder why homework must be given. Too many lessons mean too many late nights. This makes a child cross and irritable.

M. R. Tyler, Buninyong, Vic.

UNIFORM QUESTION

WHAT a lot of money could go to war funds if women dispensed with uniforms, wore ordinary clothes, and gave the money which the uniforms cost to patriotic causes.

I think that many women place more value on their smart uniforms than on the work they are doing. Those without the distinction of a uniform are often of more benefit to our war effort.

I suppose, though, that without the glamor of the uniforms there would not be such a big response. What do other readers think?

Mr. G. Cantrill, 104 Dudley St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

GROW VEGETABLES

AUSTRALIANS should make their flower-beds into vegetable plots, as is being done in England.

If this war continues for any length of time we will all have to "tighten our belts" and economise in every possible way.

Such plants as silver beet, rhubarb, climbing beans, and tomatoes can be cultivated without much trouble. Herbs and mint are always handy to have on hand and grow very easily. Rosemary is ornamental, and can be used as a hair wash when boiled in a little water.

Lemons are essential for good health; the trees are inexpensive and decorative.

Blanche Willis, 329 Gilbert Rd., Preston, Vic.

Knife-and-fork lunches for picnic days

KNIFE-AND-FORK picnics are easier in the long run (Constance Clyde, 7/12/40) and are much nicer.

A picnic basket can be packed in a minimum of time with bread, butter, meat and greens whereas hours have to be spent on cutting sandwiches.

Miss Lois M. Row, 16 Darley St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Too elaborate

YES, picnics are much too elaborate these days.

Generally mothers have to rush round preparing and packing food, while the others lounge about, impatient to start.

By the time everything is ready, mother is so tired that she wonders if the outing is worth the trouble.

Even when the children help to get away, they seldom lend a hand to clear up when they return.

Mrs. G. Amey, 806-808 Ann St., Valley, Brisbane.

Salads better

GIVE me a regular meal at a picnic any day.

Sandwiches become quite dry and tasteless after being packed half the day, and they entail just as much work as a more elaborate meal.

One gets such a keen appetite



ELABORATE picnic table—seems almost like a lunch indoors.

picnicking that it makes the day more enjoyable to sit down to salads and sweets, instead of sandwiches and cakes.

Mrs. I. A. Kennedy, 30 Kitchener St., Tamworth, N.S.W.

Mother does work

AT a picnic where cutlery and dishes are used you will notice that the elder ones do the work.

The younger ones like to have a knife-and-fork spread to impress their friends, but mother is left to do the cleaning up.

E. Foote, 58 Provost St., North Adelaide.

Nervous tension

brings on

INDIGESTION

Because the digestive organs react at once to nervous upsets, digestion soon breaks down under prolonged nervous tension. Then, after every meal, you get flatulence, heartburn, nervous dyspepsia and all the distressing symptoms of indigestion. In other words—a painful condition arises which can easily develop into serious stomach trouble.

So, if present-day worries have upset your stomach, turn

to De Witt's Antacid Powder for help. You'll get relief at once. De Witt's Antacid Powder acts so quickly and surely because it tackles your stomach trouble in three ways. First it neutralises excess acid. Then it soothes and protects the inflamed stomach lining. Finally, it actually helps to digest your food, and so relieves the weakened stomach.

Start with De Witt's Antacid Powder now and you'll soon be eating what you like and enjoying every meal.

End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!



DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER
Unequalled for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Gastritis and Flatulence. Large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6. Giant size 4/6.

SUNBURN— is a real burn

Treat it as such with IODEX



A DOCTOR WRITES: "I have found Iodex very good for the relief of sunburn, and have discovered it to be the best Sun-Tan Treatment I have ever used. Rubbed in freely before going in the sun, it maintains its usefulness after leaving the water, as it is not washed off. Iodex is an excellent protection against sunburn, and I recommend it to my patients."

RECENT medical evidence suggests the grave danger of severe and continued sunburn. If neglected it may lead to such serious skin trouble as Rodent Ulcer.

"Iodex" is not just a sunburn cream. It is an antiseptic iodine ointment, nearly twice the strength of tincture

of iodine. It penetrates deep into the underlying tissues and quickly relieves inflammation and tissue congestion caused by severe sunburn.

IODEX does not stain, irritate or blister,

but quickly soothes and heals inflamed skin tissues. In cases which do not quickly respond to First-Aid Treatment with Iodex, you should see your doctor without delay.

SURFER'S or ATHLETE'S FOOT

A CORRESPONDENT WRITES: "I always like to place credit where credit is due. I have known Iodex for years, and have found it very useful, especially in Athlete's Foot, which we hear so much about to-day, wherein it acts like a specific."

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE

Price 2/- From your Chemist.

Lover Come Back

Continued from page 5

"DEAR me. A great many people round here haven't, I find," said the little sister. "You must forgive me, my dear."

"But I'm sure I could find things you can cut down. My house is full of stuff. Have you many children?"

"Two hundred," Margaret laughed, and said: "Worse than the Walters family! In the avenue, you know. They have seven already."

"They bring their blessing with them," said the little sister. Margaret remembered the Walters family, grubby and out-at-heel, and wondered.

"I'll bring you some things round to-night," said Margaret. "Where are you staying?"

"With the Winters. At Number 10."

"People are so kind in the world," said the little sister, as if she came from Mars. She bustled off, and Margaret stood looking after her, ashamed, because she knew people aren't kind. They are mean, and grasping, and suspicious, and selfish. And she herself, was beyond the pale. She thought of Toad and shivered.

But now the chance of sending that telegram, telling him to cancel her order, was gone. The post office was full of people, and she knew them all.

Hopeless to try to transact confidential business in a post office at Christmas time. She went home, and thought what a queer world it was; and how, if the little sister had spoken to her five minutes sooner—or five minutes later—the whole course of her life might have been altered.

The butler opened the door to her when she got home.

"A gentleman telephoned, madam. Major Saville Carpenter, and here is his number and will you ring him?"

He looked at her, interested. He knew all about it. He read his Sunday papers.

Margaret stood for a moment, holding her breath, wondering whether the butler could hear the thudding of her heart, as she feared he must. For dreary years nothing had happened, and now everything was happening at once. Leon was,

obviously, leading a double life, so she would be able to get rid of him—and Saville, the only man she had ever loved, had come back.

Over the wire, Saville's voice, warm, vibrant:

"When can I see you?" "Come down," she said, "for Christmas. There's a big party here, but we'll easily be able to talk."

"Have you missed me?" "You know I have missed you," she said.

There wasn't much time for any idle dreaming. The guests were already rolling up. The big house was full of the bustle of servants, and laughter, and voices . . .

She said, casually, through the open door of Leon's dressing-room: "Saville Carpenter is coming. He rang up to-day. He's just back from India."

"Decent," said Leon, lazily, arranging his tie before the mirror. Margaret looked at him scornfully. Was he too lazy even to remember that Saville had loved her, and they had once been engaged?

Saville came on Christmas afternoon. The funny part was that when she first saw him she did not know him. She went downstairs, and a stranger stood in the hall.

Then he spoke, and she knew. He held both her hands in his. His eyes were warm as ever, and his voice was the same voice that had thrilled her so, of old.

"Margaret . . . You're more beautiful than ever."

She stood looking up at him. She thought: "This is the hour I shall remember all my life. When I am an old, old woman, I shall live it over again. My hour, when Saville came back . . ."

Then people came in, and there was no time for anything more, and there was hubbub, and everyone talked at once. They had tea, and the wireless blared dance music, and Leon stood, lazy, smiling, on the hearth.

"Nice of you to come," he said to Saville, looking at him with half-closed eyes, through smoky lashes. Margaret dressed for the party.

her head in a whirl. She could not think. She had a new frock. It was beautiful. She remembered choosing it, and wondering whether Saville would like it, if ever he saw her in it—now he would see her in it, and she would know.

She stood beside Leon at the head of the big staircase, receiving her guests.

Saville claimed her as soon as she was free. They danced cheek to cheek, and the world looked on, smiling.

"I've come back!" he whispered. "You sent me away, didn't you?"

"And you won't be cruel to me any more?"

Cruel! That word jarred like a sudden wrong note in the melody. For she had never been cruel to him. She had loved him dearly, always, and let him go because it seemed to be for his own good. She said:

"Was I ever cruel?"

"You sent me away," he said.

She thought, horrified, "He's playing a game."

But he loved her. He must love her truly, or why had he come back, prepared to face what he could not face before? His voice sounded in her ears.

"You'll come with me, Margaret, now. We've been apart long enough. You'll come with me now."

She had dreamed those words often enough, and hardly hoped to hear him say them. And he was saying them, and somehow it wasn't as she had expected it would be. She looked up at him, seeing him for a moment as she had done when first he came, a stranger. He had a dispirited look. He had lived half a lifetime away from her. He saw her looking, and said, a little smile on his face:

"Why so pensive, little lady?"

She got away presently and went up to her room. She stood by the window and looked out into the night.

Lit windows, from the houses in the avenue . . . The Patersons' house had a light in the nursery. An upper window was bright in the young Winters' house. They would be going to bed in peace, the world shut out. They had reality, in a world of sham. The knife turned in her heart, and she closed her eyes, feeling sick.

She had told herself earlier in the day that something had happened to her she would never forget, that when she was an old, old woman she would remember the hour of Saville's returning, and she knew that indeed she would. For she did not love him any more. Was it, perhaps, that what she had bravely thought a life's grand passion was only the silly dream of a silly girl? How angry she would have been three years ago if anyone had told her so. And yet . . .

She turned and went back downstairs. A couple were sitting out in an alcove. She heard them talking. "Oh, she'll go with him all right. The poor girl is like a rabbit dazed by a snake. Saville is like that. He holds up a finger and beckons, and women come."

"A cunning dog! I expect it was really his game all along. Leon, of course, will give her a good allowance. Leon is the sort of soft goof who would. And Saville knows it. Then Saville will have the woman he wants and the cash he needs. All as the reward of sound organisation. If you don't organise, you can't accumulate."

Margaret stood motionless, staring into the ballroom below. So that was it! The Grand Passion of her life!

Suddenly she laughed. She went down and met him as she had promised, in the winter garden. It wasn't going to be easy to tell him, and he didn't make it any easier by seizing her in his arms and kissing her passionately. She stood motionless in his arms.

She was still searching for words to tell him when Leon found them. He stood, his hands in his pockets, looking at them both without rancor. Saville was the more disturbed of the two.

"We have loved one another for years," he said.

"I know," said Leon calmly.

"I have come back to fetch her." "Said Leon: 'I thought you might.' Then he turned and smiled at Margaret, his lazy smile, through half-closed eyes.

"You fool!" said Saville, contemptuously.

"It's the popular conception of me, I know," said Leon. "I don't bother

to contradict it. It suits me quite well. But I'm not quite the fool I apparently look. Margaret shall please herself in this."

He turned to her gravely. "Do you wish to go with him?"

She heard her own voice, oddly unfamiliar.

"No."

Saville turned and looked at her, incredulous.

"I was trying to tell you, Saville. Something has changed. I don't know what."

She passed her hands over her eyes.

"I know what," said Saville, savagely, bitterly. "He's bought you. With fine clothes, and jewellery, and luxury. With—"

"Excuse me, Margaret—I'm afraid there's no other way," said Leon. His fist shot out with remarkable strength and caught Saville under the jaw. Saville fell heavily, striking his head against the goldfish tank.

Leon then wiped his hands elegantly, and rang a bell for the butler.

"Major Carpenter has had a slight accident and fallen down, but he is not much hurt. Ask someone to attend to him."

They removed the body, grinning. Oh, they knew all about it! They read their papers, and they liked a man to be a man.

Then Leon gave his arm, courteously, to Margaret.

"Since we are giving a party together, my wife, we had better see the thing through," he said. She went unsteadily with him. The band was playing, most appropriately, "Broken-hearted Clown."

DAWN was breaking. Snow was falling white, like a cloud of feathers. She had no idea what would happen next. She was lost, and for the first time in her life a little frightened of Leon. For she knew he would never come to her. He had come once, and been repulsed. And it wouldn't be very pleasant to go to him, if, as she suspected, there was somebody else.

There was nothing for it but to await the revelations of Toad.

Toad revealed much sooner than she had imagined he would. He rang her up on Boxing Day and said he must see her at once. She couldn't run the risk of having Toad to the house, or being seen with him in the town. She arranged to meet him at the first station down the line. She wouldn't run into anyone she knew.

Obviously he had found out something, or he would not be in such a hurry. She wondered what it was she was going to hear. And now a funny little thought crept into her mind. "If I had my time over again," it began.

She crept away after tea. The guests were all amusing themselves one way or another, and Leon was out playing golf. The station down the line was filled with kindly, Toad-concealing shadows, most mercifully. For Toad was festive. He wore, appropriately, a yellow waistcoat. Her general impression was that Toad had not quite recovered from Christmas.

When he began to talk her suspicions increased.

"Now yer know," said Toad, "you modern young women, you don't know when you're well off, and that's a fact. Want a bit of a jolt, you do, to wake you up and bring you yee to yee with a bit of reality."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," began Margaret coldly.

"No . . . You don't understand. That's just what I complain of. That's just what I see to myself. She don't understand, I says, and it struck me if I could do anything to myke you understand, Mrs. Gardulla, I wouldn't 'ave spent my Christmas in vain. Here's a nice man, I says, and a nice young woman, and what are they making of it? Nerts, I say, because she don't understand . . ."

TOAD removed his cigar and pointed it at her as if he intended to shoot her with it.

"Heard of the motor company that put that nifty little blue car on the market so cheap last year?"

"I was right," thought Margaret. "He is mad!"

She said: "I don't see what that has to do with me."

"No, you don't see. But it has something to do with you. That motor company is your husband, Mrs. Gardulla. That's what he does with his spare time . . . and a big success he's made of it, too, and takes nothing out of it. Runs it for the employees, and gives jobs to a number of chaps that's been down and out for years. You arnt me to tell you what your husband did with his spare time. Well, there you are."

She laughed scornfully. "You've got hold of the wrong story, I'm afraid. My husband has never done a stroke of work in his life . . ."

Toad said: "What do you know about your husband, anyway? If you'd knowed much about him you wouldn't have been coming to me."

He turned on his heel. "Go home and ask him. I'm not having any more to do with it. I done what I can. And I'm not spying on a chap that'll do a thing like he does for his fellow creatures. Good-night."

Rebuked. And by a Toad. It was very humiliating, but for all that Margaret went home feeling singularly light-hearted. For, at any rate, there wasn't anyone else. Find out, said Toad.

She would, and at once.

She made her way down the avenue, and as she did so an unwieldy limousine went sailing by, like some unearthly craft. From the window a huddle of faces looked out at her, and she recognised the little nursing sister. No doubt leaving the world again. Margaret turned and kissed her hand.

There was no time to talk to Leon before dinner, and the party went on till all hours that night. It was grey dawn before the big house was silent. Margaret slipped on her white dressing-gown. She knelt for a moment beside her bed, and the only prayer she could think of was one left over from her childhood. "O God, make me a good girl . . ."

It did quite well. She opened the door that led into Leon's room and closed it behind her, and stood with her back to it.

Leon was putting the finishing touches to his nightly toilet with a pair of hair brushes. He turned and laid his brushes down when he saw her.

"Why didn't you tell me about the motor company?" she asked.

"I intended doing so. Presently. When you seemed more likely to be interested," he said. And he added, with boyish interest: "Who did?"

"Toad," she said.

"Toad?" he said.

She told him, then. He listened.

Then:

"Decent old Toad. I like Toad," said Leon. "But what on this earth made you go to a place like that?"

She swallowed hard. Quiser that it should be so very hard to tell him.

"I thought there was someone else."

"Would you have cared if there had been, Margaret?"

She said, faintly: "I—don't know. I—might."

"I've never loved anyone else. I've never wanted anyone else. If it interests you to know it. And if it doesn't, wear it like a flag in your hair or a scalp at your waist."

He got into bed.

She knelt beside him, and hid her face against him. She was tired out and there seemed nothing more to say. He drew her close and laid his cheek against her hair. The sun rose over the tree tops and sent a long ray like a slender finger through the curtain's chink, bringing another day.

(Copyright)

(Another story in this series will appear in our next issue.)

Leaves from
THE OTHER WOMAN'S
Diary

A New Afternoon Tea-Time
Entertainment for The Women
At Home

2GB
Mon., Tues., Wed., Thur., 4 p.m.



**CHRISTMAS EVE IS THE
YOUNG PEOPLE'S NIGHT!**

IN **HOT or COLD
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**EVAN
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WRITER IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society.

This is the time of the year when the sun moves past the orb of the zodiacal sign called Sagittarius, and enters the outer fringes of the one next to it, known as Capricorn.

There it will stay until January is growing old, having gradually passed right across the heavens through the centre of the Capricorn sign, and then out through its far edges of influence again. Then on to the next sign, Aquarius.

People now coming under the influence of the Sun in the sign of Capricorn are those whose birth dates fall anywhere between December 22 and January 20.

People born either when the sun was in Capricorn, between December 22 and January 20, or when that sign was rising possess shrewdness and a natural instinct for bargaining. They will seldom stoop to an unscrupulous action.

They have a tendency to brood and to bemoan their fate, giving themselves and all those around them fits of the "blues." Yet when occasion demands it they have the ability to amuse others considerably, and to provoke hearty laughter.

They are very ambitious, with grand ideas for big achievements and high positions. Physically they are alert, having a quick, rather happy walk, and much agility.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Try to stabilise your affairs by concentration on routine tasks; over-confidence and changes are not advised. Live quietly on December 28 (evening), 29, and 30. Also January 4, for delays, difficulties, worries and arguments may predominate then.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Don't hesitate just now if you are desirous of starting new ventures, making changes, seeking favors or advancement, for your stars are friendly. Best on December 29 and 30.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Just a week of days for you. Routine best.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Think twice before you do anything venturesome or new and important at this time, especially if started in December 28 (after dusk), 29, and 30, and on January 4. Live quietly then.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Consolidate past gains, December 28 and January 4 (night) fair.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): You can now come out of hiding, for the recent difficult weeks are now giving place to some very helpful ones. Start new ventures, seek promotion, etc., on December 28 (night), 29, 30.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Woe and woe! Keep close at this time; no cheerfulness and attention to duty will be best. Be cautious on December 28 after sunset and on 29 and 30. Also January 4, evening.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): This week can produce modest opportunities and advancement for you, as work hard on January 2, 3, and 4, and to duck on January 4.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Time to consolidate past gains and favors. December 28 and January 4 after sunset slightly helpful.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): Don't waste time in looking back. Look and plan ahead, for this week favors most Capricornians. Especially in projects started or completed on December 28 after 4 p.m., 29, or 30. Work hard then.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Just a week of days for most Aquarians, but plan some weeks ahead. Meanwhile December 31 and January 1 just fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): January 2, 3, and 4, and to duck on January 4 can prove quite fair for many Pisceans. Hard work can produce opportunities.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is at Fort Eadi, Central Africa, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant. They are helping **CAPTAIN TOD BROWNELL:** To put an end to the reign of **BESA:** A sorcerer of the Wambesis, who terrorises the tribe. By supposed "black magic," Besa killed Colonel Carr, commandant of the fort.

LIBIE CARR: The colonel's daughter, has been threatened with the death of Brownell, who is her fiance, and Mandrake. Mandrake discovers that Besa's latest black magic is nothing more than attempted poisoning of Brownell by Narob, the houseboy, evidently Besa's accomplice. Narob denies this, but with each lie his nose grows longer.

NOW READ ON:



NO--NO--NO. DID YOU GET THE HAIR OF COLONEL CARR AND TOD FOR BESA?



FOR EVERY LIE NAROB TELLS, HIS NOSE GROWS AN INCH!

I DID! I DID! I DID EVERYTHING! BESA MADE ME! HE SAID HE'D TURN ME INTO A SHE-GOAT IF I DISOBEYED HIM! PLEASE--GIVE ME BACK MY OWN NOSE!



THAT'S BETTER. NOW, NAROB, YOU'RE GOING TO LEAD US TO BESA, THE SORCERER.



YES, YOU WILL, NAROB. IF YOU DON'T--I'M GOING TO PUT YOU INTO THIS WATER GLASS!



I TOLD YOU, NAROB, I'LL PUT YOU INTO THIS WATER GLASS-- IF YOU DON'T LEAD US TO BESA!



MANDRAKE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY AND A STRANGE THING SEEMS TO HAPPEN TO NAROB!



YOU SEE, NAROB, I WASN'T FOOLING. LET ME OUT--LET ME OUT--I'LL TAKE YOU--



WHAT--HAPPENED--? NOTHING AT ALL, NAROB. YOU'RE QUITE YOURSELF! NOW--YOU'RE GOING TO LEAD US TO BESA, THE SORCERER!



NAROB, THE HOUSEBOY, MAKES A SUDDEN SURPRISE MOVE...



NO, TOD! DON'T SHOOT! AFTER HIM, LOTHAR!



WE MUST HAVE NAROB ALIVE TO PROVE TO THE NATIVES THAT BESA'S BLACK MAGIC IS A FAKE! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO BREAK BESA'S HOLD OVER THEM!



HOW DID YOU GUESS ALL THIS? I KNEW POISON WAS MIXED INTO IT SOMEHOW. I REMEMBERED ABOUT THE DOG DYING IN THE DINING-ROOM. IT MUST HAVE LAPPED UP SOME OF THE SPILLED WATER! THAT DOG SAVED TOD'S LIFE!



EXACTLY AT SUN-DOWN, BESA THREW HIS LITTLE IMAGE INTO THE FIRE AND MILES AWAY, TOD WOULD DIE THE MOMENT HE TASTED THE SOUP. THAT WAS BESA'S BLACK MAGIC.



THEN--THAT'S HOW FATHER DIED.



YES, NOW WE HAVE TO FIND NAROB--AND MAKE HIM LEAD US TO BESA--SO WE CAN END HIS EVIL CAREER FOR GOOD!



NAROB, THE RUNAWAY HOUSEBOY, FLEES FRANTICALLY THROUGH THE JUNGLE--TRAILED BY THE EVIL, GRINNING BESA, THE SORCERER.

TO BE CONTINUED

FAT, FLABBY STOMACH

A MENACE TO HEALTH

Bulging waistline means more than the loss of an athletic figure. Sagging abdominal organs often lead to serious heart strain, kidney and liver disorders, faulty elimination and risk of rupture.

THE GOVERNA CORRECTIVE BELT supports correctly the delicate organs, and, by its gentle changing pressure, banishes waistline fat and bulge with every move you make.



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Try the GOVERNA BELT FOR 7 DAYS. It must improve your appearance and reduce your waistline—or NO COST. Write or call for full details. Mention this paper.

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Relieve Eczema and Itching Skin

If you suffer from Eczema or other itching skin complaints, don't delay proper treatment another day. When care is not taken, there is a tendency for the continued irritations and unsightly eruptions of the skin to spread and become chronic. Doan's Ointment will give you quick relief, for it penetrates to the true skin where the inflammation lies. It is antiseptic, healing and quickly allays the irritation. Be sure you get Doan's Ointment today.

DOAN'S OINTMENT



RUSSIAN WORKERS salute Stalin at a Soviet farm workers' celebration.

Poignant love story of Nadja

Eileen Bigland's vivid novel of life in Soviet Russia to-day

After her dramatic story of the Burma Road, "Into China," Eileen Bigland has returned to fiction in her latest book, "You Can Never Look Back."

But it is fiction with the drama of present-day events as a background. Eileen Bigland knows Russia intimately. She writes so vividly and convincingly that this novel carries the conviction that much of it is based on personal experience and observation.



THERE is plenty of romance in the story. The theme is a poignant one and concerns a middle-aged Dane who goes back to Russia seeking the girl who nursed him when he was wounded fighting with the White Russians twenty years ago.

But just to prove the aptness of the title, "You Can Never Look Back," Peter Fransen, the hero of the tale, is now a German agent, and the lovely girl he met in Russia is a cold and embittered spy for Stalin, suppressing counter-revolution in the Soviet farming areas.

Nadja, the lovely girl of his boyhood, is lost to Peter when he arrives in Russia seeking her—in-stand there are stories of the cold brutality of a woman called Nadja Vascolevna, who lives on the mountain top like a female Hitler and harries the kulaks (farmers) of the countryside who have no love for collective farming.

So much has Peter's dream girl changed that he does not think of this woman—Stalin's devoted friend and servant—as the laughing girl who tended his wounds on a mountain pass so many years ago.

Very cleverly Mrs. Bigland shows how politics in Europe has changed its people.

The man looking for the romance of the Russia he knew finds instead a watchful, mistrustful people. The girl who adored Stalin saw him order her brother's execution as a counter-revolutionary.

By devious means Peter reaches the mountain retreat where Nadja keeps watch on the people below. He is blind from the snow and exposure, and although he does not recognise Nadja she realises who he is and is deeply touched by his devotion in seeking her out after so many years.

She decides to help Peter escape from Russia. He is now unpopular with the Soviet as a revealed secret agent whose work has been clumsy and embarrassing to both the Soviet and the German Foreign Office.

She tells the blind man she is Olga, a friend of Nadja, whom she says is dead.

She attempts to take him over the mountains to safety.

"At nights, when they lay close together under an indigo, starlit heaven, his fingers would play across her face and he would murmur, 'I know exactly what you are like.'"

"Your eyes are deep pools the color of peaty water, your nose is small and charmingly straight, your mouth holds all tenderness. When we reach Europe I shall see the best doctor possible; then he will give me back my sight and I shall prove I knew all about your dear face before I ever saw it."

Eventually she has to tell him what she is doing for him—how much his escape may cost her.

"You know I was what is called a Government agent, that it was my work to quell rebellions among the kulaks and the peasants?"

"All that stuff about my being a

Stalin's monument in Moscow.

student of philosophy was the usual tale I had to invent for strangers, as my proper work was secret.

"Very well, I am supposed still to be living by the Chantusi glacier carrying on with my job. If I produce my identity card they will know at once who I am, and that I am in Kutas without leave, a breach of rules which carries an extremely heavy penalty."

"Good Lord," he said, "but they couldn't do anything to you for a little thing like that? Why, you could say you were sick, in need of medical advice, anything. D'you mean they really would punish you?"

"They would kill me," she said simply, "and I should deserve death. Treason to one's country is the worst crime one can commit."

"Treason?" He seized her by the shoulders.

"What is treasonable in absenting yourself without leave?"

"She threw back her head and stared up into the pale evening sky. She was going to hurt him so terribly, plunge a knife into his breast, but the time had come when she could no longer evade that action."

"I gave my life to Russia, swore always to serve her. Now I have forsaken Russia and clung to you, an enemy and a German spy. That is treason."

From this conflict the book moves swiftly to a dramatic conclusion in which Nadja makes further sacrifices for the boyhood sweetheart who came back to Russia in pursuit of a dream.

"You Can Never Look Back." Eileen Bigland. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

KEEP SMILING BY KEEPING FIT ..

Take Eno!

To keep cheerful by keeping vigorously healthy during these troublous times is a public as well as a personal duty. Working long hours at high pressure, hurried meals and lack of sleep soon lead to faulty elimination, indigestion, sick headaches and, consequently, depression.

Guard against these enemies of health and happiness by taking Eno's "Fruit Salt" regularly. Through its natural and gentle action, Eno regulates the system, washes away all poisons, and, being alkaline, corrects acidity.

Take a sparkling glass of Eno first thing every morning and know what real fitness means.

2/3 and 3/9 at chemists, stores, and canteens.

Take only Eno because

Eno contains no Epsom, Glauber or other harsh purgative mineral salts.

Eno is non-irritant and non-habit forming.

Eno is pleasant to taste, safe, mild yet thorough in action.

Eno being highly concentrated is far more economical.



ENOS' FRUIT SALT

The words "Eno" and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks. Sales Agents: Messrs. F. H. Smith, Ltd., Melbourne, C.I.

Watch dull hair come to life with the Camilatone Beauty Routine! New sparkle! Richer colour! Brighter tones! Simply shampoo with Camilatone, the vitamin shampoo, then rinse with Toinrinz. You'll be delighted with the result. Special Camilatone shampoo, complete with Toinrinz, for Blonde, Auburn, Mid and Dark Brown, White and Gold, at 6d. Additional Toinrinz separately at 3d. each.

Put the Sunshine in your hair.



SPARKLE & COLOUR TO FADED HAIR





SOME SUGGESTIONS for serving light refreshments when friends drop in to drink a toast with you. Drinks, made with fruit juices and garnished with mint and slices of lemon, chocolate wheel biscuits, paprika wafers, and some Christmas cake.

HERE are recipes for cool fruit drinks and ice blocks, and also for sweet and savory biscuits. Both drinks and biscuits are easy to prepare.

NEW YEAR PUNCH

Two cups diced pineapple, 2 cups strained orange juice, 1 cup strained lemon juice, 1 cup sugar, 1 pint strong tea, 2 pints soda water, 2 pints sweet wine or ginger ale, ice. Dissolve sugar in freshly-infused tea. Add fruit juices and fruit, and chill for several hours. Add remaining chilled ingredients. Serve icy cold.

CLARET CUP

One quart claret, 1 cup orange juice, 2 cups lemon juice, 2 cups sugar, 1 quart water, 1 cup sliced fresh strawberries, fresh mint leaves. Dissolve sugar in water, and pour over 1 tablespoon of mint leaves. Stand 20 minutes and strain. Add fruit juices and chill. Add chilled claret and sliced strawberries. Garnish with fresh mint sprigs.

PLUM PUNCH

One dozen dark red plums, 3 cups water, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup lemon juice, 6 passionfruit, 1 bottle ginger ale. Boil plums, water and sugar. Strain carefully and chill. Add lemon juice and passionfruit pulp and chill. Add ginger ale and serve very cold.

ORIENTAL PUNCH

One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 6 cloves, 1 inch stick cinnamon, 1

tablespoon chopped ginger, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 cup orange juice, 1 drop oil of peppermint, green coloring, mint leaves, 1 pint soda water or ginger ale. Boil sugar and water 5 minutes. Add cloves, cinnamon, and ginger. Cover and chill. Add fruit juices and strain. Color carefully and add peppermint. Chill and pour over chopped ice. Add soda water or ginger ale. Garnish with fresh mint sprigs and slices of orange.

CHERRY LEMONADE

One pound cherries, 3 lemons, 4 tablespoons honey, 1 pint boiling water, ginger ale or mineral water. Stone cherries and place in basin with honey, thinly peeled lemon rind and lemon juice. Cover with boiling water. Stand for several hours. Strain and serve with ginger ale or mineral water, about half and half.

ICED MOCHA

Combine equal parts of black coffee and chocolate made with milk. Chill. Pour over crushed ice and top with whipped cream flavored with almond or peppermint essence. This drink can be served in small glasses with a few drops of liqueur added to each glass.

ICE BLOCKS

Ice blocks may be made in the refrigerator by freezing fruit juices or ginger ale in the ice tray.

If making water ice blocks for party drinks, place in each compartment of the ice tray a maraschino cherry, tiny flower, fresh mint sprig or quarter-slice of lemon.

For a punch bowl, take out com-

partments of tray; fill tray with water, and when nearly frozen decorate with a wreath of candied fruit or flowers with mint leaves. Moisten and freeze.

PAPRIKA WAFERS

Four ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3 tablespoons water, celery salt, 2oz. cream cheese, cayenne, salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4 tablespoons cream. Sift flour, salt, cayenne and baking powder. Rub in butter and paste and mix to a stiff dough with water. Turn on to a floured board and roll very thinly. Cut into strips 6 inches long and 1/2 in. wide. Place on greased tray and cook in upper half of moderate oven (temp. 350deg. F.) from 10 to 15 minutes. Beat cream until it starts to thicken. Mix gradually with cream cheese and flavor with celery salt and cayenne. Pipe or spread on cooked wafers and sprinkle thickly with paprika.

CHOCOLATE WHEEL BISCUITS

Three ounces butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 6oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 dessertspoon melted chocolate. Cream butter and sugar well, add beaten egg and then sifted dry ingredients and milk. Divide into two parts. Add melted chocolate to one part. Roll both parts out to about quarter-inch thickness. Place one on top of other and roll firmly into a roll and wrap in greaseproof paper. Chill for several hours. Slice thinly, place on greased tray and bake 10 minutes in a moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.)

When friends gather round DRINK A TOAST

WE are on the brink of a new year . . . So when friends come around to wish you a happy 1941, make them welcome with delicious drinks and some dainty fare. And all together, drink a toast: "To those who are with us and those who are far away; to future happiness and the preservation of all those things in life we hold dear and worth while."

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Jack's the boy who never would eat his breakfast—till Soap, Crackle and Pop put his Mummy wise to Kellogg's Rice Bubbles.

"Jimmy, I like this breakfast," chirrups Jackie, half way through his second helping of Kellogg's delicious oven-popped rice. "Kellogg's Rice Bubbles go Soap! Crackle and Pop when I pour on the milk." And Jackie looks twice the boy since he's been having Kellogg's Rice Bubbles for breakfast every morning. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are just bursting with energizing, easily digested nourishment that every growing child should have. And kiddies can't resist the cheery little Soap, Crackle and Pop that Rice Bubbles make when you pour on the milk. Order some Kellogg's Rice Bubbles from your grocer to-day—and end breakfast-time tantrums!

"Rice Bubbles" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Australia) Proprietary Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

CORRECT MAKE-UP for your fancy dress

● It's fun to stop being yourself once in a while—to don masquerade and for several riotous hours pretend you are somebody else, exciting and glamorous. But for complete success your face must match your costume, so, if you are going to a fancy-dress party over the holidays, read the make-up tips given below.

By
JANETTE

IF YOU would like to look as glamorous in a French Court costume as Annabella, Fox star shown here with David Niven, then keep your make-up natural, have your hair dressed high and powdered white, and highlight your eyes with silver shadow.



Don't Hesitate!
A Liquid Laxative is
Necessary if Tongue is Coated,
Breath Bad, or Stomach Upset.

If your little one is out of sorts, fidgety, fretful, won't eat, can't sleep—look, Mother! See if its tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and undigested food. When cross, irritable, feverish, with sour breath and perhaps stomach-ache or diarrhoea; when the child has a sore throat or a cold, give a teaspoonful of 'Califig' and in a few hours all the poisonous, constipating, undigested food and bile will gently move out of the little bowels and you have a healthy, playful child again.

Any doctor will tell you that the best laxative for children is the liquid laxative, 'Califig.' He will say this because it is made from fruit and

vegetable extracts and is the most natural laxative you can have. It acts on the bowels like fruit. Being a liquid you never have to worry and wonder whether it is lying in one spot irritating and griping your child's inside. You can judge just how much 'Califig' to give to your child to ensure a gentle yet thorough inside cleansing. No risk of a weakening, purging overdose. And how children love its delicious flavour! See their eyes sparkle when you bring out the bottle for their weekly dose which keeps them so gloriously fit.

Get a bottle of this ideal laxative today. Sold everywhere. Be sure you get 'Califig,' the laxative your children will love.

CALIFIG
'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'

**NATURE'S OWN
LAXATIVE**



PERHAPS you would love to dress up as a bewitching Mexican girl like Lupe Velez, RKO star above. Then your make-up must be dark and glowing. If you are a brunette so much the better—use dark ochre foundation, deep, rich red carmine for cheeks and lips, and dark eye-shadow to emphasise your eyes. Nail varnish should be pomegranate.

WHEN you decide the part you are going to play for the night at a fancy-dress party, plan your make-up to go with it.

It often happens at a masquerade function that people spoil things by dressing up in amazing costumes and quite forgetting to dress their faces to match.

You can put on a Spanish dancer's costume, but you won't look like one unless you put on a dark make-up to go with it.

Of course, if you wear a costume which needs natural coloring, such as a ballet dancer's dress, then your usual make-up, accentuated, perhaps, will do.

But in most cases day-time make-up is not suitable for fancy dress. You may be able to make your skin look darker with suntan lotion and powder, and, in some cases, this may be effective.

The most satisfactory is a theatrical make-up. It isn't necessary for it to be applied as heavily as for the stage. But by using it lightly you can obtain most attractive

effects, and even, if required, very startling results.

Theatrical make-up is not expensive and includes everything you are likely to need to give the just-right effect whether you want to look like Madame Pompadour, a Chinese maiden, or black Topsey.

The things you will need are a box of blending powder, liquid powder, mascara, stick of carmine, a tint stick, eyebrow pencil, grease-stick for the eyes, and a tin of cleansing cream.

To apply theatrical make-up, start by cleansing the skin with cleansing cream in the usual way. Use lavishly, and then wipe off with cleansing tissues.

Now apply your tint stick, which should be flesh-colored, natural, ochre, or even darker, according to the skin color you want.

This acts as the foundation to your make-up. Dab lightly on cheeks, forehead, chin, and nose, and then smooth it gently all over the face with the tips of the fingers. Blend well until you get a perfectly even surface, and don't use too much.

Now take your carmine stick and dab a bit on each cheekbone. Work this so that it merges into the foundation stick and leaves a natural-looking finish.

Follow the line of your own natural coloring if your face is oval. If short, apply the carmine a little high to give the face length. If long, spread the color down further on to the cheeks.

Use the eye grease-stick as you would an ordinary eye-shadow. Rub a little of the stick on to your finger and then apply to the eyelids. Regulate the amount you use according to the character you are supposed to be, and if you want to widen the appearance of the eyes keep the eye-shadow darker at the outer edges.

Now apply face powder. Puff on liberally and pat in instead of rubbing. It will last longer this way.

Apply a little mascara to the eyelashes and shape the brows with the eyebrow pencil. Next apply the carmine to your lips carefully and fairly generously.

Finally, over your arms and neck use the liquid powder. Sponge over quickly and smooth immediately so there will be no streaks.

First prize for a chocolate pie

ALL you have to do to enter our weekly best recipe competition is write out your recipe, attach name and address, and send to this office.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, while 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

So send in your recipe now.

SANTIAGO CHOCOLATE PIE

Four ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 1½oz cooking chocolate, 3-8 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 cup cream (whipped and sweetened), 1 dessertspoon plain flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 egg-yolks, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup raisins or dates.

Line a pie plate with pastry, glaze and prick well. Cook in a hot oven (425 degrees F.) for 15-20 minutes. Grate chocolate and add to milk. Heat in a double boiler and beat well. Combine the two flours, salt and sugar and blend with chocolate and milk. Return to double boiler, stir until thick and cook 10 minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Add eggs gradually and stir for another two minutes. Remove from stove, add butter and vanilla and pour into tart case. Chill in refrigerator. Before serving, cover with whipped and sweetened cream, to which nuts and fruit have been added.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. R. Burling, 3 Euston Rd., Hurlstone Park, N.S.W.

RHUBARB RELISH

Two cups chopped rhubarb, 2 cups sliced onions, 1 cup vinegar, 2 cups brown sugar, 1 tablespoon salt, and ginger, cinnamon, cayenne to taste. Put into enamel saucepan and boil 20 to 30 minutes, or until the consistency of jam. Bottle and seal down.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Winifred Blaubaum, 8 Lanoma St., East Launceston, Tas.

Miss Precious Minutes

TO clean ebony, or black wood of any kind, the best method is to apply a few drops of olive oil on a warm cloth, allow to stand for an hour or so, and then polish briskly with a dry cloth.

THE edge of an earthenware flowerpot makes an excellent knife-sharpener.

TO restore cream or ecru lace collars after washing them, it is a good plan to rinse them in a quart of warm water to which a well-beaten egg-white has been added. This will supply a crisp finish after ironing.

TO remove grass stains from tennis frocks or shoes, wash as soon as possible in warm suds; but if the stains have dried in use methylated spirit or alcohol as a solvent before washing.

CUT flowers will keep fresh longer if a little salt-petre is placed in the water; while fern sprays will keep longer if the stems are sealed at the ends with wax.

LIVER can be prevented from becoming too tough and leathery when cooked if it is soaked in milk, after being cut into slices, for a few minutes before cooking.

HOLLYWOOD LOAF

Two cups minced ham, 1½lb. fresh minced pork, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 cup vinegar, 6 slices tinned pineapple, 6 teaspoons red currant jelly.

Mix ham and pork together. Add slightly-beaten eggs, milk, salt, and pepper. Grease a loaf pan generously. Pour in brown sugar mixed with mustard and vinegar. On this press slices of pineapple with red currant jelly. Over this spread meat. Bake in a moderate oven for 1½ hours. Cut in slices and serve either hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss F. W. Smith, Lindenow, Vic.

FRESH FRUIT ROCK CAKES

Half-pound self-raising flour, 6oz. sugar, 4oz. butter, 1 egg, 1 banana, 1 apple (peeled, cored and chopped small), pinch salt, essence.

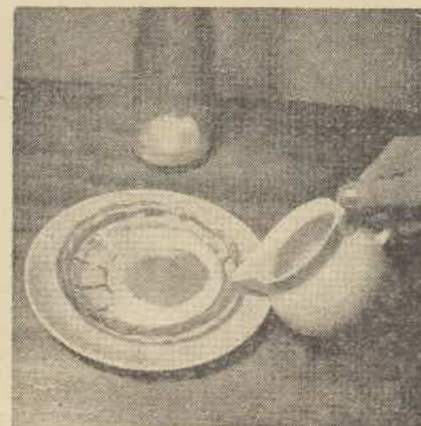
Rub butter into flour, add sugar and chopped fruit, and moisten mixture with beaten egg. Add a little milk if necessary to make a stiff dough. Put in small rough lumps on a greased sheet and bake in a good oven for 10 to 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. S. Uren, Clarence Gardens, S.A.

APRICOT GATEAU

One packet jelly (lemon), 1 large tin apricots, 4oz. gelatine, 1 gill sherry, 2oz. sugar, 1 gill cream, 1 lemon, 1oz. glacé cherries, 1oz. almonds (blanched).

Line a border mould with lemon jelly one inch thick. Decorate with a flower design, using cherry rings for centre and almond halves as petals. Soak gelatine in 1 gill apricot juice. Rub apricots through sieve. Add sugar, sherry, and lemon juice



to puree. Also add gelatine which has been dissolved.

When puree begins to set, put a layer on top of jelly layer. When this has set, continue to put jelly and apricot puree in alternate layers until mould is full. Put away till it has set firm. Turn out on to serving dish and decorate with roses of whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss W. M. Williams, 14 Ellsmore Ave., Killara, N.S.W.

SPICED MARSHMALLOW SPONGE

One cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon arrowroot, 1 teaspoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 2 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons milk, 3 large eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4oz. white marshmallows.

Sift flour, salt, cocoa, spice and arrowroot together three times. Combine butter and milk, and heat until butter is melted; keep hot until required. Beat eggs, add sugar gradually, and beat until thick and light-colored. Add vanilla, lightly fold in sifted flour mixture (do not beat). Add hot liquid, stirring quickly and lightly until blended. Bake in two greased and flour-dusted 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Turn from pan on rack to cool. Cover one layer with marshmallows that have been rinsed in cold water and cut in halves crosswise. When cakes are almost cold, sandwich together and cover top with chocolate icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Simpson, Rathgar, Quarry St., Hamilton, Brisbane.



ABOVE: Miss Precious Minutes says you can clean your cane furnishings by rubbing on salt with a damp brush and then rinsing it off with clear water.

LEFT: If you want to keep the yolk of an egg in good condition cover with milk so the air will not get at it and the yolk won't dry up.

GOOSEBERRY CHIFFON

Two cups stewed gooseberries, 1 egg-white, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup whipped cream, glacé cherries.

Measure a gill of gooseberry syrup into a saucepan. Add gelatine. When softened, stir over low heat until dissolved. Rub fruit and remainder of juice through a sieve. Add strained gelatine to gooseberry pulp. Stir in stiffly beaten egg-white and fold in half the cream. Pipe mixture into custard glasses. Garnish with whipped cream and slices of glacé cherries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. Dixon, 18 Tennis Grove, North Caulfield, Vic.

RATAFIAS

One cup sugar, 2 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons ground almonds, 1 level tablespoon rice flour, 3 drops ratafia essence.

Mix dry ingredients in a basin. Add whites of eggs and essence. Work mixture with a wooden spoon for 10 minutes until it becomes white and keeps its shape when moulded. Take teaspoonfuls, roll into balls, and flatten with fork. Cook on rice paper in slow oven 25 to 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to P. Wright, 66a Burwood Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.



not three separate processes

but ONE

when you use

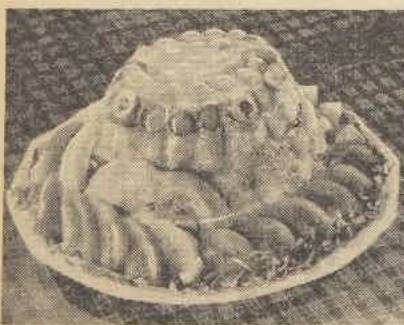
BISTO

the gravy maker for all meat dishes



In 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz. packets and ½ lb. and 1 lb. tins.

DAVIS DAINTY DISHES



Have you made one lately?

TRY THIS NEW DAVIS RECIPE
TONGUES IN TOMATO ASPIC.
6 Servings.

Ingredients:
2½ teaspoons Davis Gelatine.
1½ cup hot water.
2 sheep's tongues.
1½ pint cold water.
3 cloves.
2 slices onion.
Pinch nutmeg and curry powder.
1 dessertspoon vinegar.
Salt and pepper to taste.
2 tablespoons tomato sauce.

Method: Place tongues, cold water, cloves, onion, nutmeg and curry powder in saucepan, boil until tender. Skin tongues and slice thinly. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add to stock, add vinegar and tomato sauce. Strain and, if necessary, add a little cold water to make up to 1 pint. Arrange tongues in a mould with layers of sliced tomato and stuffed olives. Pour in the aspic mixture. Serve in slices on lettuce.

If you would like more recipes for attractive gelatine dishes—desserts, salads, meat dishes and savouries, write for a free copy of our beautifully illustrated Recipe Book, and enclose 2d. stamp for postage:



Department W
DAVIS GELATINE,
G.P.O. Box 35838, Sydney;
or
G.P.O. Box 4058, Melbourne.

DAVIS GELATINE



How much are they worth? In money, nothing. But they both possess a great treasure for which many a potentate would exchange his fortune. They have healthy, abundant, attractive hair.

There is no greater fortune in the world than youth and no better attribute of youth than the hair.

And, how much did it cost him or her to preserve that gift? Only a few pence, the price of a bottle of Barry's Tri-coph-erous and the few minutes required daily for its pleasant application.

Are you among the prodigal sons of nature who are squandering this inheritance? That is, are you allowing neglect and dandruff to weaken and ruin your hair to the point where you are threatened with baldness?

If so, it is deplorable, but not irreparable.

Barry's Tri-coph-erous will save your hair as it has in millions of other cases during five generations.

A daily application of this unequalled tonic and massage of the scalp is all you need. Start at once. In a short time the improved condition of your hair will show you in a practical way why Barry's Tri-coph-erous is called everywhere Life, Health and Beauty of the hair.



BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth
Sold by all Chemists and Stores 2/- per bottle

**Fat, Yet
Not Forty!**

**WHEN YOUTHFUL LOOKS
DISAPPEAR**

Put on excess and unhealthy fat and many unloved years pile on your age. The creases and lines on face, neck and arms caused by plumpness are unlovely, and quickly banish youth and good looks. When overweight and stoutness are due to the accumulation of waste digestive matter clogging the system, often spots and pimples spoil the complexion, stick headaches and hiccups are daily happenings, and lassitude weakens the sufferer.

Get back to your normal weight and fitness by banishing constipation with Pinkettes. These harmless laxative pills are compounded of safe ingredients that painlessly cleanse and strengthen lax bowels. After a few doses of Pinkettes, poisonous wastes will be cleared from the system and all the depressing symptoms of torpid liver and constipation thoroughly dispersed. Get Pinkettes to-day and banish your unhealthy fat in this painless, natural way. At chemists and stores.

Money For You!

LADIES—make good money in spare time. Easy, interesting. Nothing to buy. Nothing to sell.

Write NOW for FREE particulars to THE MANAGER, Box 3599 EE, Sydney.



THE "QUINS" didn't have a shoe on their feet until they were over a year old. Dr. Dafoe believes every child should go barefoot until it begins to walk. This close-up shows you how perfectly the "Quins" feet are developing. Left to right: Emilie, Annette, Marie, Cecile, Yvonne.

The Doctor Tells You What to do

PATIENT: Doctor, last summer my husband had a great deal of trouble with "Surfer's Foot." He picked up the infection when we were on holiday, and it was months before it finally cleared up. What precautions can he take to avoid getting it?

DOCTOR: "Surfer's Foot" or tinea is one of those things which can be avoided more easily than it can be cured.

It is an infection that is now very common in both Australia and America. It was introduced from the East.

Actually tinea is a fungus growth, and affects the skin between the toes and around the toenails.

It flourishes in most warm places, and because heat and moisture encourage its growth men are more liable to suffer from it than women. That is, women who wear lighter shoes are more likely to escape it or to cure it than men with their hot, badly-ventilated shoes.

Keeping the feet cool and dry

ABOUT TINEA OR SURFER'S FOOT

plays its part not only in preventing tinea, but in curing it.

Fortunately, most people seem to have a natural immunity to tinea. Of those who show signs of infection, half of them will be easily cured, while the other half are very difficult to cure.

The infection may be lurking in such damp places as the floors and matings of public dressing-sheds and baths, or in hotel bathrooms, or even on crowded beaches.

If one member of a family has tinea he may hand it on to other members who walk barefooted on floors where he has been walking.

The best way to avoid "Surfer's Foot" is to avoid walking barefooted in all places where it is likely to be.

This means unceasing care and the taking of precautions which may seem a nuisance.

It means that shoes or sandals must always be worn on beaches, or in dressing-sheds and bathrooms.

Otherwise the feet should be washed both before and after using public showers or dressing-rooms, and afterwards dried and powdered. A sodium hypochlorite footbath is the best for this purpose.

Getting the feet hot and moist on

a summer day will often begin a fresh outbreak.

The only way to make sure of clearing up the infection is to persevere with treatment.

The simplest method of treating tinea is to remove all dead skin and paint the affected part of the foot with a weak solution of iodine twice a day.

After the symptoms have disappeared, keep on applying the iodine once a week for at least three months.

Sometimes even this treatment will not be sufficient to cure the trouble, and it will persist with fresh outbreaks occurring from time to time.

In that case a doctor will be able to make up a prescription for a stronger antiseptic lotion, which is applied after soaking the feet thoroughly in hot water.

This treatment, too, must be carried out faithfully and continuously if it is to be effective. There is no quick method of curing tinea.

Using cheap cotton socks which can be boiled after use is another way of preventing infection.

Boots and shoes can be sterilised by standing them around a saucer half-filled with commercial formalin, and covering them for 12 hours with an air-tight box.

Obviously, since tinea is so persistent it is foolish to take any unnecessary risks, especially now that it is so common, and the risk of infection correspondingly great.

DR. DAFOE recommends this exercise for children's feet. Emilie picks up a light block of wood, sandpapered to remove splinters, first with one foot and then the other, lifting the block as high as her knee.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Pre-natal disorders

EVERY expectant mother should know how to safeguard her health during the pre-natal period. Various disorders associated with pregnancy can occur at this time, and quite often these will yield to simple remedies and treatment.

A leaflet dealing with this problem has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request together with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

DO YOU KNOW?

GOAT'S ASHES

AS DENTIFRICE!

THE DUTCH MARVEL THAT THE ASHES OF THE GOAT'S TEETH ARE AN EXCELLENT DENTIFRICE TO WHITEN TEETH. IN HOLLAND, KOLYNOS IS THE ESSENTIAL DENTIFRICE. KOLYNOS CLEANS TEETH SURGICALLY, KILLS BACTERIAL GERMS.

CAT'S TOOTH IN BOY'S JAW!

IN SUFFOLK, CHILDREN BURIED THEIR MILK TEETH. OTHERWISE WITCHES WOULD FIND ONE AND INSURE THE CHILD, OR A CAT MIGHT SWALLOW IT. SHOULD THIS HAPPEN THE NEW TOOTH GROWING WOULD BE THAT OF A CAT!

KEEP YOUR TEETH FREE OF DECAY—USE KOLYNOS REGULARLY. KOLYNOS CLEANS TEETH SURGICALLY—ANTISEPTICALLY.

DENTAL DECAY BEGINS WITH "BACTERIAL MOUTH"

THOSE PARTICLES OF FOOD WEDGED IN CREVICES BETWEEN YOUR TEETH CAUSE "BACTERIAL MOUTH." KOLYNOS PREVENTS "BACTERIAL MOUTH." IT BRINGS INTO A SEETHING FOAM OF ANTISEPTIC BUBBLES. THESE KILL DECAY GERMS AND STOP DENTAL DECAY. YOUR TEETH SPARKLE WITH NEW LUSTRE AFTER KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS IS MORE ECONOMICAL TOO. KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTES. 12 HONORARY DRY BRUSH IS ENOUGH.

BEAUTIFUL ISLAND MAIDENS LIVED with BONITO!

HAWAIIAN LEGEND SAYS: "SAU, CARVER OF TEETH, CARVED A BONITO FROM HIS TEETH AS THEY FELL OUT. HIS SONS LOST ONE HOOK WHILE FISHING. DRIVEN BY THEIR FATHER'S ANGER, THEY SET OUT FOR THE LAND OF THE BONITO TO REGAIN IT. THEY ARRIVED TO FIND BEAUTIFUL MAIDENS BATHING AND WAITING FOR THE RETURN OF THE BONITO."

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

1/3 AND 2/4

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Work a lapel and pocket set

● Just the smartest idea for giving distinction to a new or old frock and suitable for almost any style.

If you are looking for something to add the right finish to a new frock or want to rejuvenate an old one, then work one of these lapel and pocket sets.

The sets are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for working on linen in white, cream, yellow, blue, or green.

Price of the set, revers and pocket, is 1/11, plus 1d. postage.

To do the attractive cutwork design, use buttonholing, with stem-stitch for the tiny leaf centres.

Press the linen thoroughly, when you have finished the embroidery, before cutting out.

Cottons for working are also obtainable from our Needlework Department for 2½d. a skein.

This lapel and pocket set would look attractive in either contrasting or matching colors. You could have white revers and pocket on a frock of black, grey, brown, blue, or green. Or you could have cream instead of white.

With colored frocks, matching or contrasting sets would look equally well—such as blue or yellow revers on a blue dress.



JUST IMAGINE how smart your new frock or one of your older ones would look with this lapel and pocket set. Obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for working on white or colored linen.

Exquisite organdie set IN DAISY DESIGN

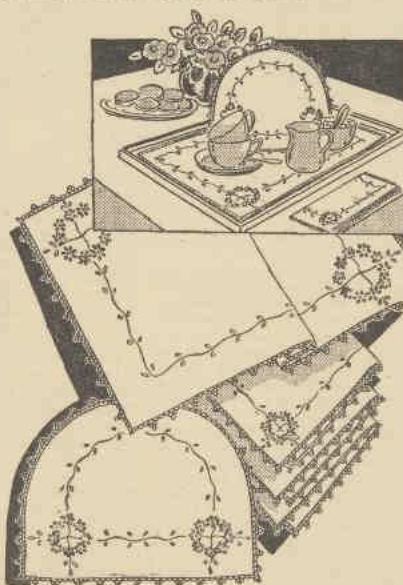
● Here are the loveliest organdie cloths and mats for tea-time use in a simple easy-to-work design that is most attractive when finished.

THE tea-time set may be obtained from our Needlework Department traced on organdie, in white, blue, yellow, or green.

The items include a traycloth, 11 by 17 inches, tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, and serviette, 11 by 11 inches. Price of this set of three pieces is 4/9.

Or the pieces may be bought separately: traycloth, 1/9; tea-cosy, 2/6; serviette, 9d.

The same daisy design is also obtainable in organdie



THESE dainty tea-time cloths and mats are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced on organdie in an attractive daisy design. Items include traycloth, tea-cosy, serviette, traymobile cloth, and throwover.

traymobile cloth and throwover.

Traymobile cloth, 14 by 25 inches, price 2/.

Throwover, 36 by 36 inches, price 2/9.

The daisy embroidery should be

worked in stem-stitch, satin-stitch, and lazy-daisy stitch. Edges are spoke-stitched for crochet finish.

Stranded cottons for working also obtainable from our Needlework Department for 2½d. a skein.

USEFUL POTHOLDERS

IDEAL for the housewife, this set of potholders can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced for working on linora in cream, blue, or green.

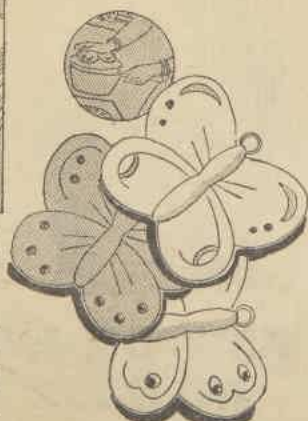
Set of three, price 2/6.

The design should be worked in threads in bright colors or left-over scraps of wool.

When the embroidery is finished place a couple of layers of some other material between and machine the edges.

Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 358A, G.P.O., Melbourne: Box 4007, G.P.O., Newcastle: Box 185, G.P.O., Perth: Box 4012, G.P.O., Sydney: Box 4008W, G.P.O., H. calling, 170 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



SET OF THREE potholders, traced on colored linora. Easy to work in colored threads or left-over scraps of wool.



THESE HANDKERCHIEFS, obtainable from our Needlework Department, are traced for working.

Handkerchiefs . . .

THE handkerchiefs shown above are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced ready for working.

No. 4. Pure linen with embroidery design for working, price 1/-, or set of six for 5/6.

No. 5. Cotton lawn in white only, with self strips, traced with design for working, price 7d.



KIWI WHITE

Kiwi white cleaner is concentrated . . . In fact there is not much more than a teaspoon of water in a tubeful—all the rest is pure white cleaner! Because it's so pure, Kiwi will not harm even the daintiest buckskin . . . It is easy and economical to use . . . and it won't rub off. Get the best . . . insist on Kiwi White.

KIWI WHITE IS SAFE ON
EVERYTHING YOU WHITEN
ONE TUBE LASTS A SEASON



(COUNTRY SLIGHTLY HIGHER)



Thrift in Wartime

The household budget is made up of pennies. Thrift in War-time with pennies means War contributions of pounds—Thrifty people choose Cerebos Salt because less is used and a tin of Cerebos lasts for months. Use Cerebos.



CEREBOS SALT

FOR THE smart set...



To make attractive waves and curls quickly and easily—get a bottle of Amami Wave Set and follow the full, simple directions enclosed. Amami Wave Set is non-oily, non-sticky, and it dries very quickly. Give yourself a smart set today! Obtainable everywhere.

AMAMI WAVE SETS

Try the New AMAMI BRILLIANTINE Use Amami Brilliantine to give your hair the most fashionable polish, to make it sleek as silk.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bleats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, retarding in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3.

How to beat the budget: No. 3

WINTER VEGETABLES

Although the season is getting late, eleventh-hour gardeners can still sow seeds of many vegetables and obtain good results.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

EVEN those home gardeners who forget to sow seeds at the right time can usually fall back on some accommodating seedman or nurseryman, who, knowing their habits, will have seedlings available of nearly all the main vegetable lines—at a price.

At this time of the year we usually find silver beet, beetroot, cabbage, onion, sweet potato, celery, tomato, rhubarb, lettuce, herbs, and cape gooseberry on sale.

But it is not so much to these as to the plants that seedmen never sell, such as beans, marrows, egg plant, parsnip, carrot, turnip and pumpkins, that I want to refer.

Good summer rains have fallen over the greater part of eastern Australia, putting the soil into receptive condition, and affording gardeners a golden opportunity for making a big sowing of succulent vegetables.

Beans should be the backbone of the kitchen garden at this time of the year, and particularly what is known as the "snap" or stringless beans.

Types of beans

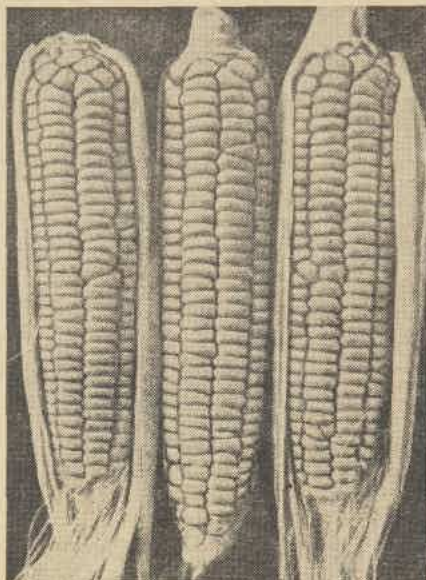
STRINGLESS Green Pod is the best dwarf bean of this kind for the home garden, and then there are the butter beans, Startier, Brittle-Wax, Black Seeded Wax, and Anderson's Wonder.

Among the climbing or pole beans which are stringless are Epicure (tasty and brittle) and Glory of the Summer, a rather slender bean that climbs seven feet and is of very good flavor.

Other dwarf beans of good quality but not stringless are Brown Beauty, Blue Wonder, Canadian and Tweed Wonder, Feltham's Prolific, and Staley's Surprise.

They all grow in soil that is deep, fertile, and contains plenty of lime or superphosphate.

Like most legumes, beans object to too much nitrogen, and the gardener should always be careful when applying sulphate of ammonia



SWEET CORN. This delicious vegetable is not largely grown in Australia but is deserving of greater recognition by the home gardener.

or nitrate of soda not to give them too much.

Lima beans grow well in the cooler parts of Australia, particularly King of the Garden (climber) and Burpee's Dwarf. The Navy Bean is a small lima much sought by canners, and provides the vegetable that appears in cans with minute portions of pork.

In the warmer parts of Australia the dwarf beans can be safely sown up to about the second week of March. After that the crop is a gamble.

Marrows can still be sown in coastal areas, but will require very rich soil and plenty of water to bring them to maturity.

The bush marrows are the best for the small garden, as they take up far less space, and, unlike the trailers, stay put in one place.

Table Queen squashes are an ideal small garden vegetable for the small family. They rarely exceed one pound in weight, and unlike the custard squashes are firm, hard-fleshed, more like a Queensland blue pumpkin.

They throw out short trailers, rarely over three feet long, and one plant will often carry 30 to 40 fruits. All that the cook has to do is wash them, cut them in halves, remove the seeds and bake the Table Queen squash in its jacket—and the flavor is delicious.

Sweet corn is a vegetable that should be used more in Australia. The cobs of Golden Bantam, Golden Sunshine, and Stowell's Evergreen are full of sugar, moist, digestible,



(Above): **FRENCH BEANS.** These can be grown in the garden in warmer parts of Australia from sowings made any time from now to mid-February.



(Left): **HOME - GROWN PARSNIPS.** These root vegetables can be sown now and allowed to remain in the ground until frosts are experienced.

and particularly good food for growing youngsters.

They need to be boiled until tender, and should then be served up hot on the cob, smeared with butter, salt, and pepper, and chewed off the cob. Not a very dignified vegetable for the very conservative, perhaps, but does it matter when good food is on the table?

Egg plants are rarely grown here mainly because people do not know how to cook them. They belong to the solanum family, and are cousins of the potato and tomato.

Rich soil, plenty of water, and regular doses of liquid manure are all they crave. Cut into thick slices and fried in butter they make a delicious second or third vegetable.

Parsnips, carrots, beetroot, and turnips require light soil that is rich in very old, decayed manure. They do not do very well in heavy clay soils, and show immediate dislike to fresh or raw manure.

In warm districts the peanut is an excellent crop to grow.

For some reason it has dropped out of the gardens of country people, although one of the best foods imaginable.

And about the end of January in most States the second crop of potatoes can be sown.

Sweet potato cuttings can be set out any time now, and if the rest of the season is favorable good roots can be obtained next winter.



**"It saves time to
polish as you clean"**

Yes, you actually do *two* things at once with Bon Ami! First, you clean quickly and easily. Second, you polish your porcelain at the same time. Reason? Because Bon Ami does not have to use harsh "scratching" ingredients to make it work fast. Instead of scratching and dulling porcelain, it leaves your sink, baths and other things with a smooth, high gloss that brings out their full beauty. Start now to use Bon Ami regularly.

Bon Ami
the safe, all-purpose
cleanser



"hasn't scratched yet!"

HAPPY DAYS for BABY



Teething time has no anxieties for the Mother who keeps Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders always on hand. They do away with all the miseries of teething time—keep baby in fine fettle instead of fretting. They are cooling, comforting, and promote regular easy motions, and they are absolutely safe.

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

Write for a **FREE SAMPLE** to PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD.
POST OFFICE BOX 34, NORTH SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

When **WHITE** ...is **RIGHT**

● Perhaps you hadn't thought of using white in a color scheme. But white and off-white can often be introduced with most attractive results. White accessories will give accent to a room; white upholstery can give it elegance; white furniture will supply cool beauty.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR



IN THIS DINING-ROOM white, as part of the color scheme, gives elegance and beauty. The floor carpet is deep blue, and the furniture walnut. The window-drapes are blue and white, and the chair upholstery is white leather.



HERE WHITE IS USED to provide relief in a color scheme using several blues. White bedside lamps, a white cushion, a white floor rug, and another showing white spots, stand out against ice-blue walls, a blue-grey carpet and pale blue bed upholstery.

THE all-white room or the room decorated in all off-whites or beige tones has passed with the vogue for chromium and streamlined furniture.

But this does not mean that white need be discarded.

Those who love white for its cool beauty can use it in their rooms in all sorts of ways. It can be used for accessories, pottery, lamps, etc., to give accent to a color scheme for upholstery; to give a room elegance or provide striking contrast, or, again, as part of a color scheme.

The pictures on this page show how white can be introduced into a lounge, dining-room, and bedroom.

In the lounge-room the basic color scheme is green. Walls are deep cream; the all-over carpet is green,

while the window-drapes and furniture upholstery are in a lighter shade of green.

Off-white is used for the fireplace surround, the table-lamps and their shades, and for the covering of a fireside settee.

In the dining-room white is used in striking contrast with blue and dark brown. The carpet is deep blue, the window-drapes are blue and white, and the brown walnut dining-room chairs are upholstered in white leather.

In the bedroom white is used to provide relief in a color scheme using several shades of blue.

White bedside-lamps and a white cushion, an off-white floor rug, and another showing white spots on a blue ground, stand out against ice-blue walls, a grey-blue carpet and bed upholstery and covering in pale blue.



LOUNGE-ROOM in which white is highlighted to give accent to the color scheme. The all-over carpet is green, and the window-drapes and furniture upholstery are in a lighter shade of green. Off-white is used for the fireplace surround, for the table-lamps and shades, and for the upholstery of a fireside settee.

CYCLONE



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DON'T wait till summer brings its annual swarm of flies, mosquitoes and other winged pests. Make your home fly-free now with Flywire Door and Window Screens. Easy to buy at all leading hardware stores and departments, or easy to make in your own home workshop . . . But whatever you do, make sure you get "Cyclone" Flywire. It's tough, strong and durable . . . made in Australia to last for years.

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